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AUTUMN BOOKS

Comments on the Week's News .. 410
The Glacier Moves 413
The War on Poverty. Harold Wilson .. 413
London Diary. Critic 415
This England 416
The Great Marginal. W. John Morgan 416
Tartan Stronghold? J. P. Mackintosh 418
A Week-end Inside. Ronald Blythe .. 420

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT
Unlikely Virtue. John Berger 422
Marginal Notes. Keith Waterhouse .. 422
The Ring Opens. David Drew 424
Malice an Afterthought. A. Alvarez .. 424
The Magician. William Whitebait .. 426
A Cultural Exchange. David Sylvester 426

CORRESPONDENCE
R. H. Goodwin, Peter Winch, Stephen Corrin, Beryl Moorhouse, Derrick Sington, Sewell Stokes, J. B. Brown, Peter Kneebone, Dr Letitia Fairfield, David M. Smith, L. Zutshi, G. Woledge 429

AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT
The Straw Man of the Age. Alasdair MacIntyre 433
The Poet. Edwin Muir 434
The Ruin. Frances Cornford 434
Reviews by Kingsley Martin, V. S. Pritchett, Thomas Hodgkin, Nicholas Wollaston, Naomi Lewis 434
Selected List of Autumn Books .. 442
Books in General:
Saint Girolamo Savonarola. H. R. Trevor-Roper 445

REVIEWS
The Price of a Finger. William Plomer 446
The Founding Mothers. Maurice Richardson 446
How They Voted. Raymond Postgate .. 448
New Novels. Pamela Hansford Johnson 448
Original Mission. Norman MacKenzie 449
Art Round-up 450
Week-end Competitions 450

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The Spirit of Forty-five

One week before the election it is clear that the initial Tory strategy of 'playing it cool' has proved a total failure. The reason is simple. The Labour campaign has been opened with such dash and conviction that, even without the help of Tory counterblasts, it has succeeded in stirring the fires of both loyalty and uncommitted idealism. Mr Gaitskell, in fact, and his brilliant young 'brains trust' have seized the initiative; and the Tories, their carefully planned campaign in ruins, have now realised that they must come out and mix it – or allow victory to go by default.

But once they do come out and mix it, the weakness of their dialectical position is fully exposed. What does their case consist of? A survey of their newspapers and speeches over the past week reveals a consistent – and understandable – attempt to present Mr Macmillan as the essential Summit spokesman; the specious suggestion, whispered more often than argued, that the country cannot afford the Labour programme and would be more prudent to 'leave well alone'; an increasing campaign of personal innuendo, laced with an ugly dash of anti-Semitism. Against this the Labour image looks remarkably convincing, mainly because the Labour challenge is based on serious argument about a detailed programme. Not, indeed, since 1945 has the country been offered a comprehensive programme of social reform comparable with *Britain Belongs to You*.

In an important article on another page, Harold Wilson exposes the irrelevance of Tory complacency about the 'prosperity' of the last few years; the facts are that, in a period of general boom, Britain under Mr Macmillan has been expanding her production more slowly than the rest of western Europe and has been distributing her national income each year less equitably. 'Don't Let Labour Ruin It' is a fine slogan for the take-over bidders, for whom Tory freedom has worked wonders. It is less effective with the majority of the voters, who are beginning to understand that a windfall prosperity has been systematically used by the government to widen the gap between rich and poor and to retreat from much of the social advance made between 1945 and 1951.

It is on these issues of social reform, on the acceptance or rejection of Labour's domestic challenge, that next Thursday's decision will mainly be based. But, in external affairs also, the voters are beginning to have second thoughts about the Tory exploitation of Macmillan's personal record. Would Mr Gaitskell, with his consistent advocacy of East-West negotiations – even when they were not electorally advantageous – really be a less effective and less reputable spokesman for Britain than the apologist for aggression at Suez and murder at Hola?

Indeed the greatest fallacy of all perhaps is the Tory pretence that the Summit is a sort of one-man demonstration which can be isolated from the rest of foreign policy. The future of the world is being settled not only in Bonn and Berlin, but in Africa and Asia. There, hundreds of millions of underfed and under-educated men and women are bursting the bonds of colonialism and demanding the rights of food and democracy. These people, who in demographic terms will hold the balance of world power in the post-colonial era, look upon the British Labour Party as their champion against Tory racialism and as the only viable alternative to Communism.

There is indeed a common theme which permeates Labour policy both at home and abroad. It is what Harold Wilson calls the 'burning intolerance of man-made inequality'. The Labour Party, however often it falls short of its own best, is still the party in which idealists can exert their influence. Its members have gone into politics with a genuine determination to translate into action their ideals of brotherhood and equality. Every leader knows that he is chosen because the rank and file expect him to work for Socialism and that ultimately it is to the rank and file that he is answerable. This is as relevant to Africa or the H-bomb as it is to take-over bids and the old-age pension. If, between now and next Thursday, Labour spokesmen can convince the uncommitted section of the electorate that this 'burning intolerance' is, above all else, the inspiration of their campaign, we believe that it will be – as it should be – decisive.

Comments on the Week's News

Algeria Replies

The Algerian government's reply to General de Gaulle's self-determination proposals was not as moderate as some observers seem to have expected. While welcoming France's admission of the self-determination principle, it made it clear that a cease-fire agreement would have to be negotiated on a political basis – a condition that de Gaulle had ruled out in advance. It also stipulated a gradual withdrawal of French military and political control in the period between the cease-fire and the referendum. Both these conditions may be totally unacceptable to the French government, but it is difficult to see how anyone can quarrel with them in logic. Obviously, an army such as the FLN, which has achieved a military stalemate, must be expected to impose political conditions before it agrees to lay down its arms. Equally, the Algerian people will be unable to exercise a free choice so long as the French army continues to play a dominant political role. The lack of logic is rather on the French side. By exerting his authority to the utmost, de Gaulle succeeded in getting the army to accept the principle of self-determination; but he knew perfectly well that they would not accept, at this stage, its inevitable consequence – negotiations with the nationalists. Hence his proposal rests on a fundamental contradiction, which the rebel reply has exposed. No doubt de Gaulle calculates that, after a period of time has elapsed, in which the army and the French Right have had time to digest self-determination, he can then advance cautiously towards negotiation. In the meantime, we can expect both sides to put out secret feelers.

Another African State

The decision of the ruling political party in the Mali Federation (French Sudan and Senegal) to demand outright independence marks the failure of the vast experiment launched by General de Gaulle last September. The results of the referendum, in which only Guinea voted for independence, suggested at the time that de Gaulle's combination of liberalism and grandeur might keep France's African empire together. But the French-schooled African politicians, on whom the General relied, have found the place of independence elsewhere too hot. It is significant that the Mali declaration referred specifically to the impending grant of independence to Nigeria, Togoland and the Cameroun next year; evidently the Federation's leaders feel they will lose popular support if they fall behind. They have also been impressed by the success of the Guinea experiment: after an initial collapse of Franco-Guinea relations last autumn, the two countries are once more co-operating together in the economic field. Guinea has lost nothing, and has gained much – including a seat in the UN. Mali now wants the same, and from the tone of the statement, expects to get it, while still retaining French economic help; indeed, the decision appears to have received the consent (if not the approval) of de Gaulle himself last month in Paris. Another factor, of course, was the impending Sahara tests which, for geographical reasons, concern Mali more closely than the other French West African territories. Mali's decision will undoubtedly affect the other 'loyal' states; Paris now believes all will opt for independence before 1960 is over. This will mean African nations or federations throughout West Africa (with the Belgian Congo, too, moving rapidly towards independence); and the effect on African opinion within settler-dominated territories will be cumulative.

Anglo-French Atrocities

It is clear that atrocities perpetrated under Tory rule in Cyprus and Kenya will not be a big issue at this election. All the more reason, therefore, for paying attention to *Gangrene* (John Calder, 7s. 6d.), a collection of documents relating to the use of torture in French and British colonies, which is neatly timed to appear just before polling day. The book includes a translation of *La Gangrène* (now banned in France), in which a number of young Algerians describe their treatment at the hands of the French police; a statement by Captain John Law, alleging cruelties in the Kenya Prisons Department; extracts from the documents on Hola; and a long introduction by Peter Benenson, QC, the founder of 'Justice'. Much of the material is horrifying – especially in the French section. The allegation there is that the Algerian suspects were subjected to elaborate tortures, with the object of extracting confessions, carried out as a matter of routine. These accounts, which are highly circumstantial, also imply that the French magistracy connived at such methods. Captain Law's story makes a disturbing preface to the better-known events at Hola (some of the characters appear in both) and emphasises once again the need for a thorough clean-up of the Kenya administration. Events in Kenya (where publicity given to outrages has been followed up by some improvements) and in Algeria (where it has merely led to action against the critics) are not strictly comparable, except in one respect: they illustrate the apathy with which democratic electorates now regard the breakdown of legal and moral standards in colonial territories.

Buddhist Dream

The Murder of Mr Bandaranaike confirms Ceylon's unenviable reputation for political violence. It is certainly the only Buddhist country where an organisation of monks practise a cult of violence and racialism. The Prime Minister owed a great deal of his sweeping success in 1956 to the Eksath Bhikku Peramuna, and it was these Buddhist clergy who induced him to compromise on the language question and who fomented the riots against the Tamils last year. His assassination seems to be the result of his unwillingness to go as far as they wished in the direction of Buddhist Fascism. But the arrest of a few monks will not solve the problem either of Ceylon or of this decadence in Sinhalese Buddhism. The new Prime Minister, Mr W. Dahanayake, takes over an economy which is shaky, an administration which is a good deal corrupt and a parliament with a tiny majority. His politics are well to the right of Mr Bandaranaike's, and it was mainly his refusal to co-operate with the Marxist ministers which led to the collapse of the left coalition last May. In the present wave of political emotion – for Bandaranaike was personally popular – Dahanayake may assume that people will rally to his support. He may succeed in halting the threatened disintegration of his party now or, alternatively, he may find support in the United National Party with a right-wing coalition.

A Step Backwards at Washington

The world's finance ministers (apart from our own Chancellor) and central bankers are meeting in Washington; and despite the hopes which were raised recently by the proposal of the United States government to establish an International Development Association, little good seems likely to emerge from their talks. As the UN World Economic Survey has pointed out, the fall in commodity prices cost the underdeveloped countries more than the total of grants and loans which have been made available to them. A continuation of this deflationary policy would, therefore, far outweigh the beneficent effects of the proposed new fund – and that even if, as the American proposals postulated, the western European governments were to participate fully in the venture. Far more important, in fact, than this new agency would be a more enlightened policy on the part of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. One of the most significant developments last year, on which Dr Jacobson, head of the World Bank secretariat, reported to the Washington meeting with evident pride, is the increasing pressure exerted by the International Monetary Fund on the poorer countries to cut their investments and employment or to suffer the penalty of the withdrawal of international support. As a result there is already an acute crisis in Turkey and Spain and mounting dissatisfaction in South America. Private capital exports are no substitute for stable markets: they accumulate obligations without any assurance of increased capacity to make payments. That increased capacity could come only from vigorous expansion all round; and such expansion is the exact antithesis of the policies which Dr Jacobson and his like-minded central bankers seem to advocate.

Scrap and Shut Down

The government's Cotton Industry Act is clearly not operating very smoothly. As concern after concern announces its plans for closure – there was news over the week-end of closures at Oldham, Shaw and Bolton – there is evidence of discontent both among employers and employed. Some employers have been suggesting that both the industry's contraction and the levies to the compensation fund for redundant workers demand that they charge higher prices for their product. The Cotton Board's special committee set up to deal with the industry's reorganisation has very properly been curt with these employers. It points out that among other things the cost of the levies is less than one farthing on a yard of cloth. The workers' complaints are more disturbing. It was revealed this week that an agreement exists between union and management that workers are not to leave their jobs at mills scheduled for closure without the owners' permission, and that if they do, they are liable to forfeit their claim to compensation. It is certainly reasonable that an employer should be certain of enough labour to complete his orders. But it is no less reasonable that men and women should be anxious to find themselves new jobs before the old ones finally come to an end. The larger questions of whether there will be work available and the general merit of the government's scheme are, of course, part of the election struggle in Lancashire. Last week, Mr Harold Wilson promised that Labour will review the 'scrap and shut down' policy.

The Monkey Scandal

Once again we are sickened by the horrible conditions in which some hundreds of monkeys have arrived at London docks. Many were dead, dying, wounded or starving. Such large consignments frequently come into London by sea or by air to be sent on to other ports – Rotterdam in this case – for experimental purposes. The RSPCA did what it could at short notice. The monkeys were treated by veterinary surgeons and housed in the RSPCA hostel for animals before being sent on their miserable way. Rotterdam was warned of their arrival and inquiries are being made in Singapore about the breach of regulations involved in sending savage large monkeys in the same crates as pregnant females and small monkeys which were prevented by large males from getting food and water provided. This grave scandal must be dealt with – and promptly. Air companies – confronted with a much less difficult problem because the time of transport is so much shorter – have accepted humanitarian regulations, and India, where most of the monkeys are caught, often with disgusting cruelty, has in the past been approached – for a time it seemed successfully – to put an end to this cruel exploitation. It will be the duty of the next British parliament to see that the regulations are stringent.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Nicosia

The Party Game

Charles Foley writes from Nicosia: Cocktails, as the Governor might have said, are better than curfews; indeed, for the top 30 of the island these incessant parties are curfews in reverse. There is no relaxing, these evenings; instead, it's up and out to do one's duty as an extra in yet another scene of the great Reconciliation. 'Dropping in' is not enough. Guests have learned to arrive in a body, mix assiduously for the full two hours, and leave only when the dozen or so grandees of the various communities have driven off. Meanwhile the new togetherness requires each of us to seek out in the throng the very people whom, a year ago, he would have crossed Cyprus to avoid.

The Greek Consulate-General started these mass gatherings when peace broke out in March; the Turkish Consul-General retaliated. Government House extended the battle lines for the Queen's birthday; the army brought out its regimental silver; the RAF pranged the lot with a buffet flown from England. Then the war spread to the sea. A Greek warship spent a week at Limassol, almost capsizing one afternoon under the weight of visitors. Turkey took note, and dispatched the *Savarona* through the Dardanelles. Invitations heralding her arrival described the *Savarona* as a training ship – we would be gulping arak on the afterdeck and tripping over hawsers. She was to moor at Famagusta, the town of the British mass reprisals after the murder of Mrs Cutcliffe last October. Today Famagusta, like all Cyprus, has simmered down. Turkish handclaps greeted Archbishop Makarios when he drove on to the wharf and was piped aboard. A blaze of light unmasked her soaring lines: no school for snotties this, but an ocean-going yacht whose splendours were revealed when presently we followed up the gangway.

Bands played on deck, officers saluted, while amidships, among the marble and Empire furniture, a pride of lions was holding court for the photographers: Sir Hugh Foot (medals and cummerbund) with Makarios and Kutchuk on either side; His Eminence the Mufti (white turban); Mr Foradaris, the Maronite leader (broad-brimmed beaver); Gen. Darling (more medals), and some others. At 9.30 the Governor's exit ended the charade, but by then I was cut off in a group of ministers, including Dr Kutchuk, on whom our host the captain pressed further hospitality. It was midnight before the group broke up, nor could one – quite unthinkable! – pass Kutchuk's cavalcade on the long road back.

Protocol and politeness may be no substitute for friendship, but they have set an example of good relations which people are following in the towns and villages to soften the acerbities of the past. Even politics are shifting from their racial basis, as the Grivas rift has shown. When Greek meets Greek – if the affair comes to a showdown – those who know Makarios say that he holds nearly all the cards in the contest with the General; and the rest, at a pinch, would be found up his capacious sleeve. But most Greek-Cypriots don't want Grivas plots blown triumphantly sky-high; they want to see their leaders reunited, and it looks as if they may still get their way. Already too much time has been squandered on this quarrel and on recurrent deadlocks in the constitutional committee. Little time is left in the race to meet the deadline of 19 February, when the new state must be born. Some blind corners will now have to be turned at speed. But the fate of the island was sealed between the powers some eight months ago, and its course is still being set in secret conclave. The outcome will be a tricky balance between communities instead of the fusion of their interests which could so easily have been achieved four years ago. Yet there is no purpose in repining. What is to come is the inevitable, and it is so accepted. Few here doubt that at the proper time a packet deal, glamorously wrapped and proffered on one of those gold-tasseled cushions which support the dignity of Old Kentucky in the whisky advertisements, will be ready for unveiling.

It remains to find a National Anthem and devise a flag.

Johannesburg

Verwoerd Backs the Tories

Britain's Tories have gained a new election partisan: South Africa's Dr Verwoerd. Addressing the annual conference of the Transvaal Nationalist Party ten days ago, Dr Verwoerd stressed the great value which he placed on the friendship which Great Britain had shown to South Africa, especially at the United Nations and in the economic field. If the Labour Party won the coming British elections—he did not think it would, but if it did – it might become necessary to turn South Africa into a republic in order to retain that friendship.

The Nationalist press was not slow to amplify its master's voice. *Die Transvaler*, the party's official Johannesburg organ, promptly reminded its readers that 'the British Labour Party has characterised itself not only by the liberalism of members such as Barbara Castle, Brockway and Stonehouse, but also by its constant enmity to the white in Africa'. A catalogue of Labour crimes followed: 'It is Brockway who complained against the British government's granting of greater autonomy to whites in dependent African territories; it is Hamilton who protested against the sale of armoured vehicles to the Union because they could be used by whites against non-white anarchists in maintaining law and order; it is their leader, Gaitskell, who advocates a policy of "one man, one vote" for Africa'. Before Labour's shadow even the Tories' granting of constitutional advance to Basutoland pales into temporary acceptability backed as it is by the fear of what a Labour government might do not only there but also in Bechuanaland and Swaziland.

It must, of course, be remembered that Dr Verwoerd was speaking shortly before South Africa's provincial elections. The setting up of a Republic has become the Nationalist supporters' emotional carrot, repeatedly imminent but always postponed, and some are becoming restive. A blueprint was published by Dr Verwoerd in 1942, when the Nationalists were still in opposition. It envisaged the narrowest possible Calvinist *Volksrepubliek*, the absolute supremacy of the white man, and an executive president responsible to God. There is today a difference of opinion within the party on the last point, on whether the Republic should be inside or outside the Commonwealth, and on the nature of the minimal electoral mandate with which it could be foisted on English-speaking whites. Nationalist leaders may also be wondering what emotional impetus to substitute for an achieved republic. But their main worry is economic. The South African economy is vulnerable on many fronts today, the Commonwealth is the Union's biggest and best trading source, and in 1957 Britain was the biggest single customer. So that, while the Nationalist government tries to laugh off the almost symbolic trade boycott of Jamaica, it reacts quite differently to the possibility of even limited rank-and-file pressure on a British Labour government.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Fleet Street

Politics is News

One thing at any rate is certain. Fleet Street made up its mind from the start that this was the biggest election news since 1945. More space has been devoted to it than any of the three intervening elections and certainly far more than in 1955. In that election a subsequent survey showed that the two papers with the biggest mass circulation devoted on average over the whole campaign period, and despite some occasionally weighty splashes, little more than three per cent. of their space to election news. There has been no such modest estimate of readers' interest this time. From the start Fleet Street seems to have decided unanimously that the days of political apathy are over and that it is politics the readers want. Whether it is the increased press coverage that has produced the much bigger rush of voluntary workers to the political organisations and the far larger turnout to meetings, or whether the greater space devoted by the newspapers is a reflection of an interest that existed even before they get to work, is, like the old matter of the hen and the egg, a subject for argument.

Not only have most newspapers been giving more space to the election; some of them have, in their news columns, been much fairer in their reporting than previous experience suggested – which does not mean that objectivity even in these cases has always triumphed. But at least it has been allowed to put a toe into some offices where it is usually a stranger. Space was for a time pretty evenly divided between the two big parties, especially in places where it was least expected, such as the *Express.* No doubt the realisation that an awful lot of those 4,000,000-odd paying readers manifestly don't buy Beaverbrook papers because they believe in Toryism has had its effect on the higher echelons.

The bigger your circulation the more likely you are to offend some of your readers by too much obvious bias one way or another – a fact that the *News of the World,* for instance, has always been well aware of, following a consistent practice of offering identically the same space and prominence to statements by opposing party leaders in each election. This time this idea has caught on to such an extent that Mr Gaitskell and Mr Macmillan, Mr Bevan and Mr Butler have been kept so busy accepting invitations to state their case in newspaper columns that all of them have begun to find it difficult to say anything new.

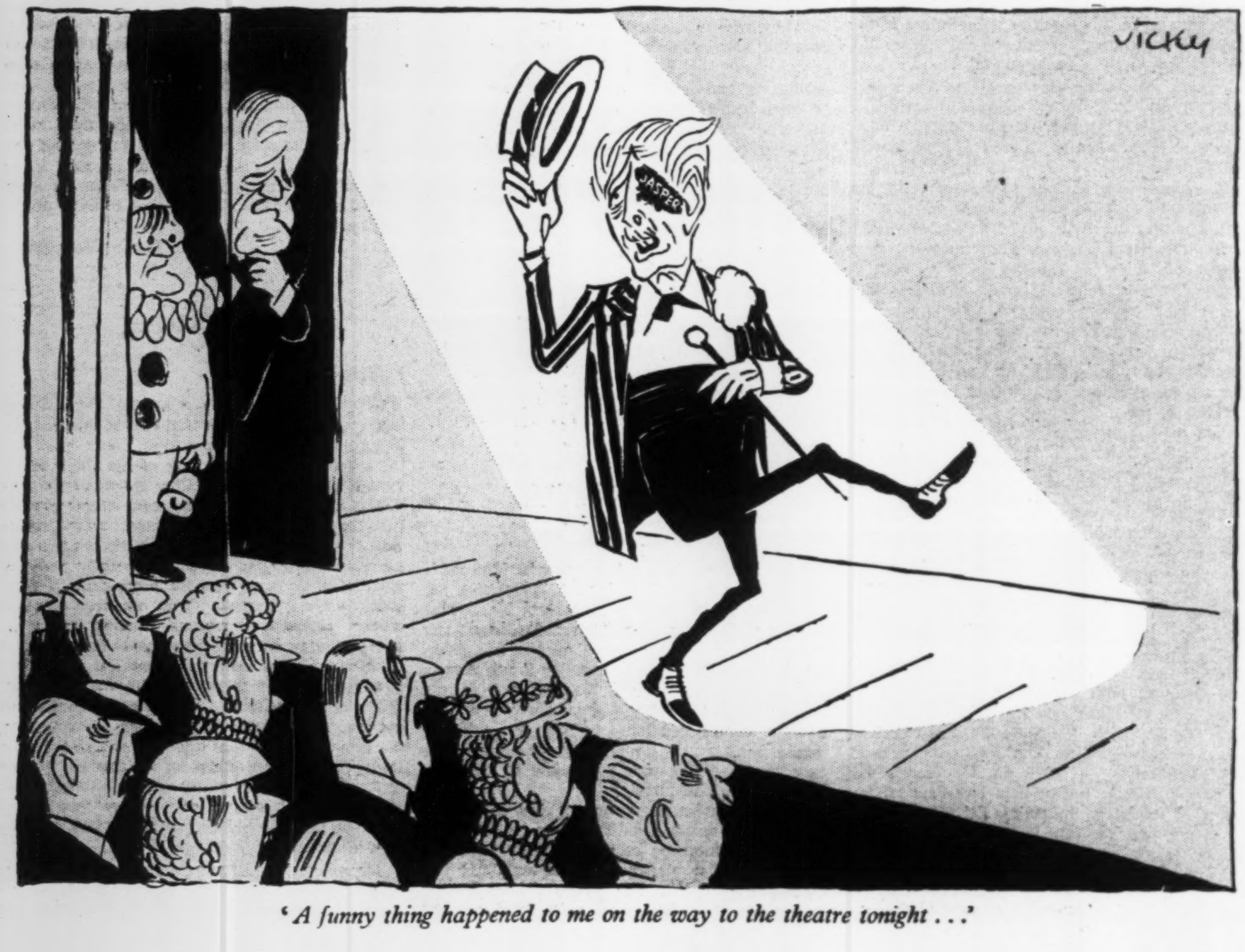
The most propagandist – until the *Express* entered the lists – have been the *Mail* and the *Herald.* No new-look nonsense for them. *Mail* readers have been treated to a series of leading articles concocted on the premise that all Labour leaders are (a) incompetent and (b) politically dishonest and the best way to fight an election is to bore your readers by telling them practically the same story every day. The *Herald* has been livelier but no more enamoured of any nonsense like giving the other side a chance.

How far the comparative moderation of the rest will stand the strain of what is obviously going to be a very close fight as polling day gets nearer is, however, a matter of conjecture. There are already indications that although comparative fairness may seem good business before things get really hotted up, once they do no holds will be barred. Undoubtedly one of the reasons for the good press given to the Labour campaign so far has been the fact – admitted on all sides and sadly agreed even by the bluest of Conservative news editors and leader writers – that Transport House has been making the running all the time and giving the journalists a lot more lively news to write about than Conservative Central Office. And even the *Mail* has had to admit that Labour's television performances have been vastly superior to the Conservative ones.

Jasper and pensions have been admitted by practically all Fleet Street to be the two biggest issues, with the *Mail* and *Telegraph* throwing everything they can into the fight to persuade their readers that Labour's pension plans can't be paid for, and the *Express* back almost to its old form with a general rake round to produce every Labour supporter who might possibly be described as a tycoon. It has so far, however, been left to the Beaverbrook press to go the whole hog in old-fashioned scaremongering. The *Sunday Express* announced in a massive leader-page article that, if Labour were to win: 'Why then you could be utterly certain of one thing – foreign owned money would cascade out of Britain. There would be a tremendous drain on our gold and dollar reserves. It is difficult to escape the conclusion (black type this) that the result would be a financial crisis leading to restriction on imports and mass unemployment.' Clearly there is life in the old Beaver yet.

Up to the time of writing the *Daily Mirror* has been notably holding its hand – a fact that has caused some Labour supporters to worry, rather unduly I think. Even the *Sunday Pictorial* has confined itself to an appeal to politicians of all parties to get rougher. The *Mirror's* main contribution has been the proud announcement that all 'The Big Names' appear in the Mirror: Bevan, Butler, Gaitskell, Macmillan and Jo Grimmond all having been invited to write special articles for its '13,300,000 readers'. So far its own editorial opinions have been kept remarkably in the background. I suspect that this is a matter of timing. The shrewd operators on the *Daily Mirror* are past masters in the art of knowing just when to hit and hit hard and, unlike the *Mail,* they know that it is bad policy as well as bad journalism to risk boring readers by telling the same story too often too soon. I expect the *Mirror* to delay its real wallop until next week.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



'A funny thing happened to me on the way to the theatre tonight . . .'

The Glacier Moves

THERE are three main criteria by which the success of the Krushchev visit to America can be judged. Has it increased Mr Krushchev's understanding both of the nature of American society and its aims and principles in world affairs? Has it established more satisfactory personal relations between Mr Krushchev and the President? Finally, has it made any concrete progress in solving particular problems which divide the two power blocs?

There must be grave doubt about the answer to the first question. The unprecedented security screen which surrounded Mr Krushchev's movements – and for which US and Soviet officials bear joint responsibility – unfortunately prevented him from obtaining anything more profound than a tourist's impressions of the sub-continent. He saw America's vastness and prosperity; clever and observant though he certainly is, he cannot have grasped the extraordinary variety and richness of her social, political and economic life, still less the subtle combination of self-confidence and self-doubt which makes her both the champion of the Cold War and the leader of world democracy. To be blunt, he seems to have come to America more in a spirit of national self-assertion than of genuine inquiry; and in some respects the tour may have confirmed his prejudices rather than removed them. This much we can deduce from his report to the Muscovites on Monday: apart from his recognition that 'the Americans certainly know how to grow maize', his portrait of American life is blurred and grudging, while his sinister interpretation of the security precautions betrays the dangerous ignorance which springs from bigotry. As in Britain, he found it easier to talk with businessmen than with representatives of the workers, who felt bound to demonstrate their anti-Communism; and throughout he displayed his impatience at negotiating with anyone who does not possess visible and physical power. Metaphysically, the tour was a failure.

This being said, the credit balance is impressive. It has all along been Krushchev's view (as it is of leaders of both parties in Britain) that conversations at the highest personal level – even if they cannot narrow the gap of disagreement on particular problems – serve a definite purpose. The truth of this has been fully demonstrated at the Camp David talks. Eisenhower and Krushchev have convinced each other of their common belief that war is now unthinkable, and this in itself places the 'Cold War debris' in a different perspective, creating the framework of compromise even if its actual pattern has still to be shaped. More than this, each has now formed a clear, and on the whole favourable, view of the other's objectives and methods; this alone may well have tipped the scales in deciding Eisenhower to go to the Summit.

Some observers regard the 'postponement' of Eisenhower's visit to Russia as evidence of discord. It is difficult to accept this. The immediate purpose of a personal meeting has been served; since Eisenhower is now apparently satisfied that a Summit is advisable, it is obviously common sense to hold it as soon as possible and adjust the timetable accordingly. The Eisenhower return trip thus assumes the nature of a friendly state visit, rather than a political conference; its timing becomes secondary, and the spring seems an obvious choice.

At a personal level, therefore, the trip was a success. What is more surprising is that the Camp David talks led to progress on particular Cold War topics. An agreement in principle on some aspect of disarmament – tests in particular – was always a possibility; but the two men seem to have approached the subject on a much broader front. Not only do the test-talks now seem likely to succeed (the teams will meet again this month after the Camp David decisions have been digested), but the new ten-man Disarmament Commission, which deals with the more fundamental issues, will open its negotiations in an atmosphere of cautious hope. Even more remarkable are the signs that both sides are now willing to make concessions on Berlin. Since Eisenhower was specifically debarred from negotiating on behalf of France and West Germany, it was not certain that Berlin would be discussed at all. In fact, it dominated the Camp David talks. Mr Krushchev has now, in effect, renounced his intention to hand over the control of the Berlin routes to the East Germans – at any rate as a unilateral act – while the Americans, in return, are prepared to accept a Soviet peace treaty with the East German government. It is even possible that some progress has been made on the central problem – the continued existence of West Berlin as a separate enclave. The Geneva talks made it clear that, provided the West would accept a UN statute for the city, Russia might agree to allow western troops to remain as its custodians, acting on UN rather than Nato authority. Is a solution on these – or similar – lines beginning to emerge? The fact that Eisenhower now feels his Summit conditions are fulfilled allow us to hope so.

The Camp David communiqué has filled Mr Macmillan with not entirely disinterested rapture. But it cannot have been pleasant reading for Dr Adenauer. There is no doubt that he will represent any US compromise on Berlin as the prelude to surrender – and that he will have, in this, the backing of a large segment of US official opinion. But he may find de Gaulle a less sure ally than before, for in Algeria the General is embarking on a delicate experiment, vital to France's future, in which White House backing throughout will be essential; he has every reason to retain the good opinion Eisenhower formed of him in Paris. Moreover, larger – if less tangible – forces are at work. The final declarations of Eisenhower and Krushchev, with their passionate insistence on the overriding need for agreement, are producing a qualitative change in world opinion – in the West no less than elsewhere. The glacier is moving: those who attempt to stop it may well find themselves swept aside into oblivion.

The War on Poverty

IN last week's NEW STATESMAN, Peter Townsend ended his challenging article with these questions:

> Can it [the next Labour Government] stomach the thought that the social legislation of its 1945-51 predecessor can be bettered and, what is more, should now be critically reviewed? Can it make sure that the evidence necessary to formulate policy on such subjects of national importance as poverty and living standards is being collected, either by a better financed research and information department of its own, or preferably by some independent body? Can it disengage itself from the cloying attentions of those who think it better to invest in machinery than people?

The answer is an unequivocal 'Yes'. The surprise is that Peter Townsend, who has himself done so much back-room work for the Labour Party on the problem of pensions and superannuation, should find it necessary to put these questions. Much of the argument about Labour's policy for *Security and Old Age* has inevitably been on the expert and technical level, it is true. But the readiness with which the party leadership endorsed the present proposals when they were first produced, and the warmth with which they have been received by local parties, bear witness to the burning desire among Labour Party members at all levels to end poverty and to advance far beyond the 1945-51 reforms to a much more real equality. It is possible in any case to draw too sharp a distinction between the objectives of greater equality and economic expansion. After all they are not incompatible. We need both: the theme of all the campaign speeches I have heard has been not just 'expansion' or 'redistribution', but 'fairer shares in expanding prosperity'.

Where I think I take issue most with Peter Townsend is his identification of the Labour Party with the purely Tory view that an increase in national production automatically raises the poorest section of the community to a more tolerable position. What Labour leader has ever said this? Or even thought it? After the war we did two things – first, in 1946, we raised the least privileged, absolutely and relatively; and for the next five years raised the national income to pay for it. What is our policy today? First, and immediately, to raise retirement pensions and other social benefits, bodily lifting the least privileged group of our people on to a higher standard of living, before doing anything for the rest of the community. At the same time as we do that we shall embark on the necessary measures to raise production.

Indeed, I see that the main Tory counter-attack is that we propose to carry out our social reforms before we have the money to pay for them. Given a Labour victory, the test is this: will there be, 12 months from now, a narrowing of the gap between rich and poor, quite apart from any general upward movement there may be as the result of increased national production? The answer is, quite simply, that there will. This has been the central theme of both our election speeches and the party's television programmes.

Labour would be wrong to deny that there is increased prosperity in the country; and we do not seek to do so. The question is not are we better off than just after the war? But how much better off could we be today if we had had a government dedicated to industrial expansion instead of one which, for three years out of the past four, has held down industrial production? We should be equally wrong to allow the recognition of this prosperity to disguise the fact that so many of our people face real, bitter poverty, even if so much of it is hidden away in our back streets. I remember the first time I spoke on this subject in the House of Commons, on the occasion of the government's 2s. 6d. increase in National Assistance scales in December 1954. We did not then have available to us the result of Peter Townsend's painstaking research on the facts of poverty today. I based myself on the valuable survey of social conditions in St Helens which Norman MacKenzie had contributed to the NEW STATESMAN, and I concluded:

> This survey showed that about one-tenth of the

> people are living in the poverty zone: that is, either on or just below the poverty line.
>
> These people are the new submerged tenth of the population that the government have done so much to ignore.
>
> Perhaps the tragedy of these lives is that they go on to a very large extent in secrecy, in privacy, almost concealed behind lace curtains in back streets.

Labour's attack on poverty is on a broad front. There is a common tendency to think of social advance purely in terms of cash pensions, or at best cash pensions plus tobacco coupons. This approach ignores a whole range of social policy. It is true that Labour's great post-war reform, the National Health Service, has helped middle-class families; but it has also enormously narrowed the gap between classes. Regular dental service, working-class women able to go to the doctor when they need (and how many failed to do so before the war), above all the extension to the whole of the nation of specialist hospital services, which previously so many of our people could not afford – here was a silent revolution where universality meant lifting up the greater part of the nation.

The same argument applies to what Labour intends to do now. A higher priority for the Health Service – more hospitals, shorter waiting lists, an occupational health service, a chiropody service, the abolition of the prescriptions charges and other imposts on the service; these are just as relevant to the drive for greater equality as the pensions scheme itself.

Then housing: the repeal of the Rent Act and the restoration of rent control are themselves a reversal of Tory class policies. A Labour Chancellor who raises the revenue to restore the housing subsidies – or, what is the same thing, holds back a tax remission to the surtax class which a Tory Chancellor would have made – is redistributing income. A Labour Chancellor who makes available capital to local authorities for housing purposes, at low rates of interest, is redistributing income. The restoration of the housing subsidies and a return to 1951 interest rates for the Public Works Loan Board would mean a reduction of £1 a week on the rent of a newly-completed 1959 house. In fact, of course, we should not over the five-year period of the Labour government need increased taxation – the cost would be met out of the social dividend of our increased national production. To distribute that social dividend with a marked bias in favour of those who need help most – rather than, as the Tories have done, to those who need help least – is just as much a contribution to equality as the straightforward Robin Hood approach to fiscal affairs.

But, apart from rents, housing standards are equally part of the social revolution. We shall build more houses to let. They will be far better than the homes of recent new tenants. In many respects – because they are more modern – they will be a great deal better than most owner-occupier houses built before the war. A New Town in place of a slum is redistributory in more than the demographical sense. The same argument applies in terms of working conditions. Not only does full employment strengthen the hands of trade unions in demanding better wages and conditions, our proposed legislation on the occupational health service, and our pledge to implement the Gowers Report on working conditions – these, too, are narrowing the economic gap, even if they cannot be measured in purely cash terms.

Or, again, education: the four new schools in the Kirkby overspill area in my own constituency are a great improvement on the Liverpool schools the Kirkby boys and girls have left behind. In terms of buildings and amenities they are an improvement, I should imagine, on any public school; but the fact that they are – all four of them – fully comprehensive represents a gain in terms of equality beyond the capacity of the statistician to measure. Once again, the Labour Chancellor who stamps out tax-dodging and applies the yield (or, by selective decision, the yield of an increased social dividend) to such purposes is making our society more egalitarian.

Or, to take a subject which has not featured much in press discussions of the election – our proposals for the arts and for sport. To spend Treasury money on establishing – or saving – a municipal orchestra or repertory theatre in Coketown is another deliberate decision not measurable in cash. Our proposed Sports Council was directly inspired by J. P. W. Mallalieu's supplement in the NEW STATESMAN last autumn. His analysis of the sports facilities of this country, and, in particular, of the privileges in this field attaching to boys in the upper-income strata, especially those at public schools, shows that our £5 million a year will be one more step towards levelling up.

Some may call this piecemeal, it has even been called a rag-bag: but human beings, and their wants and needs, are complex. Whether it is a question of ending acute poverty, or of raising the standard of living of those who, though not in poverty, are relatively under-privileged, the answer must be a variety of measures. Piecemeal, if you like, but I would regard it as the outcome of a group of Socialists bringing to their study of eight or ten or a dozen different social problems the unifying and transforming influence of a Socialist approach.

The Conservative counter-attack on our programme is simply the defeatist one that the country cannot afford it. We are, they say, unprecedently prosperous – and yet we cannot afford a basic pension of £3 a week. Mr Butler tells us that, if the old age pensioners are given more purchasing power, prices will rise in the shops. Lord Hailsham says that our programme will mean inflation, higher taxes and a balance of payments crisis.

We reject this approach. There can be no argument that if production rises, not as much as under the post-war Labour government, but, say, at the same rate as in other European countries in the past few years, the national income will be £3,500 millions a year higher by 1964. On the same argument the Exchequer revenue will rise automatically, without any increase in taxation, by £1,000 millions, considerably more than the cost of our programme. The Conservatives are, in fact, saying either that we cannot hope to progress at the same rate as elsewhere in western Europe; or, if we do, that more favoured sections of the population must reap the benefits.

We reject that, not only on economic, but on social and moral grounds. It is because we believe that all men were created equal that we reject the condescending, Edwardian 'masters and men' approach of Mr Macmillan. We were not brought up on this doctrine of first and second-class citizens. In the part of the world I come from, men are very ruggedly equal. The Yorkshire Socialist revolts from poverty, not so much because it is a product of inefficiency and a badly-run social system, but because it is a crime against God and man. Our Socialism does not come from the London School of Economics or any other seat of learning. It comes from revolt, revolt against the inequality that is endemic in Tory freedom.

It is the same with unemployment. It would be easy – and here academic training can help – to find a hundred reasons, economic and social, why unemployment is wrong, a hundred factors which can affect it. But the Socialist approach starts earlier than that. I suppose I was 14 when I had my first lesson in economics. A friend of ours in the wool industry, like many others, was unemployed. He could not afford to buy the coal he needed. Fifteen miles away an unemployed miner could not afford to buy the cloth those idle Huddersfield mills could have woven. No one could explain this thing to me. And they still can't.

That is just the approach of one Socialist, but every one of us in the Labour leadership could give a similar explanation of our approach to these questions. As the so-called 'Shadow Chancellor', I have had to deal with four Conservative Chancellors and five Budgets. What has been really irksome, as the figures and the policies unfold, is to hear what the Chancellor has had at his disposal and to see year after year the utterly wrong sense of priorities which has dictated his decisions. Recent Budget debates have sharpened controversy and provided what seems to be the acid test of distinction between the Tory and the Socialist. The Tory says that all income belongs to its recipient; that all state levies upon it are at best a regrettable necessity; that it is wrong to refer to a Chancellor's decisions as 'largesse', 'tax hand-outs', or to suggest that the Chancellor is in any way giving anything away: what he is doing is refraining from withholding so much. Our approach is different: we say that all wealth is derived from the community; that the Budget is an instrument not for perpetuating the unequal distribution of income and wealth, but for correcting it. We say, therefore, that a Chancellor in the happy position of being able to reduce taxation must apply the welfare test – where can I do most good, add most to the total happiness? By relieving tax here, or there, or by increasing help in some other direction? This April, the Tory reduced income tax proportionately to income: the Socialist would have used the surplus first to relieve hardship, and only then have considered tax relief. To the Conservative a system of progressive taxation is a distortion of the economic laws of capitalist society: to us the coexistence of conspicuous wealth and avoidable poverty is a distortion of the moral laws of civilised society.

The same basic party conflict exists on take-over bids. Mr Macmillan belatedly orders an inquiry, not because he is opposed to take-over bids, but because a particular one has gone wrong. It is not wrong to make millions out of the Rent Act: it is wrong to make a bid for which you can't find the cash. It is not the crime they oppose, it is being found out. We for our part oppose a system under which rich men can make millions – tax free – for rendering no useful service to the community, while those who really do the work are insufficiently rewarded. When Mr Macmillan was defending the Trinidad oil deal three years ago, we attacked a state of affairs in which one shareholder holding £1,000 of Trinidad stock, could make £6,000 tax free in

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NEXT WEEK

Election Notebook

An Oxford Manifesto

Winter Sunshine

A special travel feature

ten minutes: it would take a coal-face worker in one of our most productive coalfields ten years to earn that amount after tax.

That is why this election campaign cannot be judged purely in terms of our programme. The work of government involves year to year and day to day decisions which may not feature in election programmes. Perhaps four out of five of the big governmental issues which dominate the headlines in the next four years will be on issues which no one today can forecast. That is why I emphasise the importance in the fight against poverty – at home and abroad – not only of measures, but of men – of men who will face the decisions and assess the priorities in the light of their Socialist faith and their burning intolerance of man-made inequality.

HAROLD WILSON

London Diary

THE sharp impact of Labour's television campaign and Gaitskell's sudden emergence as a great campaigner have forced the Tories to change their soft-pedalling tactics completely. From now on, it's no holds barred. This should make for a high poll and help Labour. A fortnight ago we were taken to task by the *Observer* for predicting that the Tories would go in for a good deal of mud-slinging. If Mr David Astor looks at the Beaverbrook newspapers for the last few days he will see what we meant. But Lord Beaverbrook – back in this country – and his Tory colleagues may not find it so easy to defeat Labour on a smear. Labour's equal time on TV now gives them the means to refute a last-minute lie, like the Zinoviev Letter or the Post Office Savings panic of 1931. The worst the Tories can do nowadays is to accuse Labour of capitalist vices – some Labour politicians are actually rich, some even hold steel shares, etc. – and to use the 'funny foreign name' technique. In 1945 it was Laski. This time they hoped to use Mikardo; now the *Evening Standard* is pitching into the hapless Labour candidate for Gravesend who bears the honourable Jewish name of Mishcon. The *Standard* has even dropped to *Der Stürmer* depths in a cartoon linking the Labour leaders with Sidney Stanley.

* * *

Lord Hailsham, a deeply confused but personally very likeable man, would, I'm sure, be righteously angry if I accused him of anti-semitism. But his suggestion that Labour leaders should follow other take-over bidders to Israel was the sort of hint that would be taken by the less scrupulous newspapers. Nothing below the belt, of course; certainly not mud; just a hint that would arouse prejudice and import a perverted irrationality into the campaign. But about this smear some leaders of the Tory Party have changed. The ancient image of the Jew, though unfortunately kept alive by some bad hats in the city, is rapidly disappearing. The change is not due to Hitler, but to the facts about Israel. Every characteristic of the ancient popular image is reversed. Instead of a pasty-faced town-dwelling money lender, he is an open-air type, a farmer – and the most scientific farmer in the world. Instead of being the sort of man who asks to be kicked, he is the sort who kicks; an athletic, rather aggressive type, regarded by his neighbours as potentially imperialistic; a formidable fighter who had at least a good excuse for the Suez campaign which the British also fought (and mucked up with no possible excuse at all). Traditional Toryism has been anti-Israel and sentimentally pro-Arab. Now the Israelis are our only allies in the Middle East.

* * *

Everyone should read Christopher Mayhew's pamphlet *Commercial Television*, published by the Fabian Society. If Macmillan is returned to power many Tories hope to make sound broadcasting also commercial. This is really a horrible prospect; some adverts on TV can be amusing, but suddenly to hear about the merits of detergents and tooth-paste in the middle of listening to music or a play would be intolerable. On the other hand, if Labour is returned to power, it will be bound to curb the fantastic profits that have recently been made by contractors. The Klondike gold rush was nothing to it, as you can see if you look at the balance sheets published during the last few days by the principal TV companies. Mayhew analyses the way in which these profits have been pushed up at the expense of the public. Much commercial television now is actively intended to lower standards; it is even argued that 'democracy' is served by concentrating on programmes which are viewed by the largest number of people rather than programmes that appeal to large but genuinely interested groups. The logic of this disingenuous fallacy is that, if variety has the highest rating, then we should have nothing but music-hall, and no serious or worthwhile entertainment at all. That is what many advertisers would like. Mayhew urges that the first change is to insist on the intention of the Act that only six minutes of advertising should be allowed per hour – that is to say only six minutes should be allowed in any hour and not crowded into the period of peak viewing. The second immediate change is to insist that 'natural breaks' should mean, as originally intended, actual breaks between programmes and not artificial interruptions. Mayhew also rightly demands a limit to the proportion of American material broadcast at normal viewing hours.

* * *

Mayhew has other, more far-reaching suggestions. He thinks newspapers should be prohibited from holding shares in ITV. This needs much more careful thought. Most of the newspapers, including the *News Chronicle* and *The Guardian*, are now substantial shareholders, and others, like *The Times*, not for lack of trying. The life of at least one of the more serious papers would be imperilled if it had no TV shares. And it is by no means clear that the sort of shareholders who might take over from the newspapers would improve the programme. But Mayhew's most important suggestion wholly commends itself to me. The ITA has not been the restraining influence on programme companies that it was intended to be. He suggests that the Act 'could be amended so as to give the Authority, instead of the programme companies, the right to sell advertising time and to plan the network programmes. The Authority would then receive all the advertising revenue itself and would simply contract the network programmes from the companies. In this way the choice of programmes in normal viewing hours would no longer be decided by advertising considerations and log-rolling between the companies . . . many of the objectionable features of the programme companies' excessive power would be automatically removed.'

* * *

George Padmore, who died in London last week, was one of the rare people who can feel that they have completed a substantial part of their life's work. An obscure West Indian student in an American university, he became a Marxist, visited the Soviet Union at the same time as Kenyatta, and has for 15 years been the *éminence grise* of Nkrumah. He had links with African nationalists all over the continent. He held revolutionary African, emphatically not Stalinist, views, and, after Ghana became independent, was accepted by the Colonial Office as respectable. Peter Abrahams's fascinating book, *A Wreath for Udomo*, describes the relations of a Padmore character with two African leaders clearly drawn from Nkrumah and Kenyatta. His book ends with Nkrumah's assassination; but in fact Nkrumah, with Padmore as his close adviser, has built the independent state of Ghana. It was Padmore who organised the pan-African conference in 1945 with Nkrumah as its Secretary. He was also responsible for last year's conference of independent African states. A truly remarkable record for a man who never stood much in the public eye.

* * *

John Hatch, whose expert articles on Africa were familiar to readers of this paper long before he became the Labour Party's Commonwealth Officer, has now joined the honourable company of people whom the South African government is afraid to have in their country. There is a novelty, perhaps significant, in the method of his exclusion. Others, like Basil Davidson, have been turned back by the immigration authorities on arrival. The decision to exclude John Hatch has been publicly announced by the Verwoerd government. I cannot guess what has suddenly alarmed Dr Verwoerd. Perhaps Hatch's excellent hand-book, *Everyman's Africa* (published in May), has only recently come under official notice.

* * *

It takes courage to float a new paper in these days and there will be a general welcome for the revived *John O'London's Weekly* which makes its first appearance next week. I gather that the editor intends to stick pretty closely both to the spirit and the policy of the old paper, though he's bringing in a few young 'angries'. It will be interesting to see whether the relaxed treatment of books and art that was characteristic of the original *John O'London's* is still viable. The paper's success in its day was due largely to its appeal to the self-educated, but I suspect that the kind of young people who would have been ardent *John O'London's* readers 20 or 30 years ago may now very well want tougher stuff than the old tradition provided.

* * *

At a party in a private house the other night we were discussing (I naively imagined among friends) the possible results of the election. The burden of my remarks was the total futility of prophecy; how many people would vote, how the votes would be distributed, the effect of the Liberal joker in the pack – such factors, I said, made it impossible to guess whether Labour could overhaul the Tory lead in time. I scouted, as I always have, all seers' guesses about majorities. In my innocence it had not occurred to me that a *Daily Express* snooper would be there. The gossip report in next day's *Express* was riddled with absurd errors. The name of this journal was wrong; I had apparently lost my job – an error which the *Express* handsomely corrected next day. I was also represented as saying Macmillan would win by 30 seats. None of this stuff much mattered since no one whose opinion I care about believes what appears in such a column. But what a loathsome profession this gossip snooping is! People often say they would rather starve than do something or other. I don't say that, but if I had the choice of being a pimp or a gossip columnist I would prefer pimping as more honest and probably safer.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Because she is a direct descendant of Sir Winston Churchill's poodle Rufus, Conservatives at Ilkeston, near Nottingham, have adopted Sherry, an eight-year-poodle, as their election mascot.

She belongs to prospective candidate Mr Gerald Walters, who said today: 'She is a true-blue. When a Socialist appears on television she growls. When a Tory comes on, she licks the screen'.—*Evening News.* (Otto Lampel.)

The next Government should bring in a Bill to include animals in the National Health Service.—Letter in *Sunday Express.* (Ann Hollister.)

Why should anyone be surprised by the BBC's support of the Socialist campaign? This is only consistent with what we always call 'The BBC angle', which for some years has been strongly anti-English. —Letter in *Daily Express.* (B. P. Darling.)

I am in the habit of kissing both my beloved dogs and my cat several times a day.

I enjoy perfect health, and I would infinitely prefer kissing them than some of the people going round.—Letter in *Belfast Evening Telegraph.* (S. F. Bell.)

Because we believe there is something special in the relationship between us, we have always taken you into our confidence about important things. And now we have to tell you that, owing to the immense rise in the cost of production, we have been compelled to raise the price of our little magazine by one halfpenny.—*Woman's Weekly.* (John Walker.)

The Great Marginal

IN Devon and Cornwall the sun shone from a cloudless sky. In Nottingham rain fell on a city steaming with prosperity, washing away the squint some joker had inked-in on the majestic marble lions guarding the council house. Along the treeless avenues of Baron's Court blew a bleak wind, carrying with it dead newspapers and a contentious whiff of petrol that could be crucial in that most marginal (125 votes) of Labour seats. The weather seemed to be making a point. This I took to be that the United Kingdom differs markedly from place to place and that when, as now, the whole country is a marginal constituency, a general election will be decided by factors peculiar to place, factors like the sites selected for new building, parish-pump squabbles, even the quality of the candidate. I realise that this is a dangerously beguiling argument offering, as it does, possibilities of discomfiture for the technicians in the psephology labs; tending, as it does, to correct the de-humanising consequence of opinion polls. But it does seem a reasonable conclusion to reach after visiting these places: the propaganda successes of the Labour Party in the past fortnight have created the necessary marginal situation.

Nottingham, indeed, carries the argument almost to the point of absurdity. Since 1955 the parliamentary boundaries have been re-distributed, which is unusual, and whole wards transferred. Fourteen thousand people have moved into new houses in Nottingham South, which the Tories won last time by 7,053 votes. 'Touch and go' is how the Labour agent now sees this seat. 'Could be 500 either way'. Nottingham Central, won from Labour in 1955 by Lt-Colonel Cordeaux with a majority of 758, seems an almost certain Labour gain. These estimates were made in the old Turkish Baths and Skin Clinic, across the way from the Sleep Shop (beds, not tranquillisers), where the Labour Party has its headquarters, which have a brisk, efficient air. It may be because Central has had a permanent agent since 1955, but at 9.30 a.m. volunteers were busy at desks organising postal votes and writing addresses on envelopes. Throughout the morning legates came hotfoot from the outposts, talking of 1945, reporting a brisk sale for *The Tory Swindle* in the public bars. No; cars for the day were no problem in Nottingham. 'The Tories have got so many cars, they'll get in each other's way'.

But as if the lavish redistribution of voters weren't a distinctive enough local variation, Nottingham also has its Popkess and its Market Square. The Popkess Affair, or so I was told in a basement (paint peeling from the walls of the stairway) where the Conservative Party has its nerve-centre, will not be an issue in the election. Five Tory candidates, four coming in that young, executive-suite style, the other Colonel Cordeaux, who has sagely kept above the battle, nodded gravely. What this seems to mean, according to cynics on the left, is that the Tories have discovered that what they thought a lethal weapon has begun to curve back in boomerang flight. The people, after their brief adulation of the Sheriff, as it were, are again solid behind Robin Hood.

The principal effect of this endlessly fascinating and deplorable sample of local government in action is that the public is taking a lively interest in politics. 'I don't think you can say exactly that they follow balance of payments and that sort of thing,' said one of the city agents. Nevertheless crowds of 2,000 assemble in the Market Square at lunchtime to listen to the candidates and any visiting top brass which happens to be available. One Sunday night recently I saw a crowd of at least 1,500 gathered around the lesser speakers who were holding the fort. The Communist had a small crowd. The biggest surrounded a representative of the Socialist Party of Great Britain. ('The mansions of the rich are oozing with the blood of the workers.') Afterwards, until well past 11 o'clock, groups of people stood shouting at each other about pensions and profits, and a white-bearded tramp touched me for a shilling and a cigarette, remarking that he was voting Tory because Mr Macmillan was a gentleman.

The West had nothing quite so bizarre to offer as this midland city which likes to think the title of most prosperous place in Britain lies between itself and Leicester, but it has its distinctive character. The *Somerset County Herald* must be one of the few British newspapers to welcome the election for putting an end to the uncertainty which 'queers the pitch for local cultural and social organisations who want to start on their autumn programme'. It is nice to think one has been present at the re-birth (or death) of the Liberal Party. No party could be re-born (or die) in a lovelier setting. The soil may be heavy with the Tory vote, but in patches along the coast and on the higher land there is a much-advertised erosion. Whether those unlikely symbols of nonconformist radicalism, Thorpe, Bonham Carter and the more likely Malindine will pull it off for the Liberals, baffles prophesy. They are certainly working with tremendous enthusiasm: local donations to the election funds indicate strong support.

In the Devon villages tormented by the A30, the slogan 'MARK THE MAN AGAIN. VOTE BONHAM CARTER' gaudily interrupts the gentle autumnal scene more often than any other. In those almost unbelievably characteristic Cornish villages, some without water or electricity, even council houses carry Liberal posters. A council roadman explained to me that he was Liberal because he thought the country could not afford to go on paying workers more and more. 'There is no difference between Labour and Liberal', he suggested, 'except that Labour are more wild.'

That old men and women in houses where certificates from the Independent Order of Rechabites and prints of Wesley's birthplace hung on the walls should support the old cause was more comprehensible. So was the chairman of the Codinham parish council's comment: 'We've got to have some thrills or we wouldn't enjoy life at all'. I was very impressed by the remarks of a Port Isaac man, a long time in local government, who wouldn't tell his party: 'Labour won't take over from Liberal here until the Liberals show they can't win over the Tories. I myself don't think they can win. The nonconformist spirit is dying out now that education and licensing laws aren't such controversial matters. But while the farmers are becoming Tories, the labourers are staying Liberal – and I don't think this will last'.

Where then, you may well ask, are all the great issues in this, where peace and nuclear disarmament, housing and employment, education and pensions? The candidates deal with the subjects to be sure, but the sunburned electorate is hard put to cull up concern. Politics is about personality; parties are discussed as something distinct even from their policies, become an image, an abstraction nourished in a familiar nonconformist romanticism. Except, that is, among Tory supporters whose ranks seem unbroken. It could well be, I suspect, that Labour supporters will at the last moment consider the wasted anti-Tory vote and support the Liberals. Or it could be that the impact of the Labour Party's national image – people tend to take serious television programmes seriously in the West – may stir them out of their local obsessions in support of a party which, even if doesn't 'portray the character and way of life of the Cornish people', as Mr Malindine claims for the Liberals, at least has a chance of forming a government.

To travel from these sunlit and tranquil counties to the constituency called Baron's Court in West London is to enter a different political world, a world embracing, in a clumsy sort of way, the modern industrial society. From the borders of darkest Earls Court – the adjective is Patrick Hamilton's – past the blocks of Tory flats, along Hammersmith to Fulham, with its terraced houses and patches of suburban villa, a desperate scramble for votes is going on. In 1955 Mr Tom Williams, a solicitor and Welshman with a schoolteacher's manner, won the seat for Labour. His opponent is a Bow Group man, known on the posters as Bill Carr. Here slight shifts of population will work against Labour. On the face of it, though, it seems extraordinary that the Conservatives should have any chance at all in a place of this character. But Mr Carr himself provides a useful guide: 'Sovereignty. People care about British sovereignty'. An ex-nurse, living on a pension, is voting Tory because that party cares more for Britain; she is also afraid of the Yellow Peril. A welder is voting Tory because that party believes in having H-bombs, like the other great powers. This is the heart of little England.

The soil here is not so barren, though, as to prevent small, local issues flourishing. That whiff of petrol blown from the Thames may swing the seat more than matters of sovereignty. People living near the riverside in Fulham are disturbed by

another part of the story

The British Oxygen Company began by making oxygen. Today, seventy-three years later, there are a dozen BOC companies in the U.K. making more things than you know. Sparklets Limited, a BOC company, are diecasters and incidentally the famous soda syphon makers. They specialise in pressure diecasting parts for many everyday wants . . . such as vacuum cleaners, cars, hairdryers, and (have you recognised them?) burner heads for gas cookers.
BOC companies make many useful things.

British Oxygen

BOC

petrol fumes from a riverside store. They have banded together in protest. Mr Carr, with some success, is capitalising on what is claimed to be the indifference of local authority, which is Labour. Carr is the name in many windows which should read Williams.

What may save the day in Baron's Court, as elsewhere, is that the Labour vote is being roused from its slumber. Local factors may decide the election, but first the whole situation must be marginal. In Baron's Court – and in Nottingham – one can see how the Labour Party has succeeded in pulling itself up into this marginal situation. Larger pensions for old people appeals not only to the old but to young people distressed at the way the old have to live. Many people are not convinced they have never had it so good: the difference between their wages and conditions and easy money made on the Stock Exchange has roused them. Promises to abolish the 11-plus examination are extremely popular. Africa and the H-bomb are only seldom mentioned. What seems to have happened is that the Labour Party has clarified an image both of itself and of the Tory Party, images clear enough to stir loyalties. Its television programmes have been successful in this – except for complaints that they give the impression Labour leaders are all middle-class with posh voices. But most successful has been Mr Gaitskell. In the Market Square at Nottingham I had a conversation with a group of people in their early twenties who thought he was 'sincere,' which Mr Macmillan, it seems, is not. At a school in Fulham Mr Gaitskell had an almost ecstatic reception. Certainly his audience were mostly his supporters, but that degree of enthusiasm among the devoted at least tends to get the voters out on the day.

Perspiring under the arc lights, wearing a red tie, looking, as they say in the business, 'right of camera', Mr Gaitskell was in very impressive form in that over-crowded Fulham school hall. Scheduled to speak for 20 minutes, he spoke for 40, concentrating mainly on housing and pensions, but also touching on Hola and Suez. Young Tories at the back of the hall did their best to disturb him. One of them, looking white and frightened, kept shouting '1951', which prompted a statement on the Labour government's patriotic duty to rearm in that year. Another, his face disturbingly contorted, also kept shouting: 'Who's going to pay for it?' 'You are', the audience shouted back.

Mr Gaitskell offered a more thoughtful answer, exhibiting his new confidence, which springs not so much from that omniscience which the sweet smell of success brings, but from a conviction that he is saying something important. The only flaw in his performance was an over-heavy stress on the word 'teenage' in his reference to his daughter. Everyone sang 'For he's a jolly good fellow'. One woman said: 'He's much shorter than he looks on the telly'. Half the audience left with him, and nuclear disarmers – who rise as the speaker sits these days, as if both were on a see-saw – asked questions of the candidate. Outside, in the streets where earlier in the week the proprietor of a billiards hall had asked a candidate in a loudspeaker van if he'd mind keeping his voice down because he was disturbing the concentration of the snooker-players, the wind had gone down. The weather, also, became marginal.

W. JOHN MORGAN

A Tartan Stronghold?

In appearance, and in all the statistical tables, Scotland would seem to be a natural reservoir of Labour votes. Tough, proletarian, industrial, its towns are based on collieries, shipyards and steelworks; it is the country of the pioneers like Keir Hardie and Bob Smillie, James Maxton and all the Clyde revolutionaries. It has more unemployed than the national average, worse housing, lower incomes, poorer health; it has been less touched by the progress made since the war. And yet, despite these obvious reasons why the Labour vote should have been more solid than it is in English industrial areas, for years Labour has barely held its ground.

The high-water mark of 38 seats reached in 1929 was not equalled in 1945, when the score was 37; and today Labour members sit for only 35 of the 71 constituencies. The root of the problem is that the Labour movement in Scotland did not absorb enough of the old radicalism; it has lacked ideas and impatience. There is a tendency to take existing conditions and patterns of society for granted and to assume that Labour's function will be largely one of resistance to the bosses and the property-owners, to non-trade union practices and increased rents. As a result the image Labour conjures up for many uncommitted voters is not of a body seeking a better society, of a programme of improvement or even of a series of specific achievements, but of a large, silent interest group.

Yet Scotland's difficulties all require a Socialist type of solution. Newspapers inclined to Conservatism, like *The Scotsman*, are constantly urging the government to intervene to foster industrial development, to aid the Highlands and to realise that more public expenditure is needed in Scotland. There is, moreover, a great desire to be reassured that the rise in living standards since 1940 will continue; that plans for new gadgets, holidays or a car, will not be thwarted by short time or unemployment. But most people know that, for purely economic reasons, new industries are more likely to locate themselves in the midlands or south-east of England, and that, even if there are branch factories in Scotland, they will be the first to close in a recession.

To convince the public that Labour has the answer to these problems will require more than generalisations about Socialist planning or the invocation of the 1945 Distribution of Industry Act. A firm application of that Act (which is what the Labour Party has usually meant by Socialist planning) only permits the government to use powers of persuasion. It is still open to industrialists to choose other Development Areas or simply to refuse to build under these conditions. The Scottish Council (Development and Industry) has announced that, to avert higher unemployment and heavy emigration, an extra 8,000 jobs each year are required. Professor Campbell, of St Andrews, has put the figure at 150,000 new jobs by 1970. Careful use of industrial certificates between 1945 and 1951 did bring more new factory building to Scotland (12.2 per cent. of the UK total, as compared with nine per cent. between 1952 and 1957 and 6.5 per cent. in 1958), but it was nowhere near the target set by these figures and did not significantly alter the traditional over-emphasis on the heavy industries. The last winter has confirmed that these heavy industries are not in a healthy condition and that the Scottish economy is both less prosperous and more vulnerable to recession than that of the United Kingdom as a whole.

This situation will be remedied only by a much heavier programme of capital investment, carried out not on the haphazard basis of waiting for a company to propose a move, but in accordance with a definite scheme to bring specific industries to specific areas. Firms will have to be brought in or even started to use the output of the new strip mill at Ravenscraig, and these in turn will have to be supplemented by electrical and chemical developments. The words 'five-year plan' may have a foreign and a hollow ring; but something of this nature is required, combining investment in roads, harbours, new houses, with a deliberate attempt to expand the economy in planned directions. If it is objected that this involves the direction of industry, it must be remembered that the alternative is to leave economic pressures to direct 16,000 Scotsmen out of the country each year. If the Conservatives were prepared in the last resort to direct the building of a strip-mill, Labour can surely do likewise.

Apart from convincing the voters that it can solve the economic problem, Labour's campaign ought to carry a note of excitement, to show that it means to break with past habits. There has been a strong tendency for Scottish society to fall into a static mould dominated by the notion that, if something was good enough for our grandfathers, it is good enough for us. In terms of values this may be true, but not in terms of living standards. One still encounters a strong feeling that there is virtue in drudgery, that black, sooty caverns are what railway stations ought to be, that cold linoleum and bare boards build up the character. Though the prospect of higher wages and more comfortable houses is an important reason for the high level of emigration, a powerful incentive among the young is simply frustration. It is difficult to contradict the Edinburgh graduate who said: 'If I go to Canada, and come back for a visit when I am 65, I bet I'll arrive at the same evil-smelling station, and come up through the same dreary blocks of tenements to find you sitting in the same uncomfortable office doing the same job'.

To engage the interest and support of such young men, it is not enough to promise to improve housing, to enforce the Clean Air Act and to renovate public transport. It requires a general attempt to open up all occupations to new ideas and to specialised training, not just in order to raise output, though this would happen, but to create a new sense that experiment is possible, that unnecessary toil will not be tolerated and that work has some social purpose.

There is space here to give only three examples taken from differing types of occupation. In shipbuilding many of the companies are still under the control of one family, and methods have lagged far behind those of the German and American yards. The workers are engaged as each ship is started and fired when their tasks are completed, so that there is no regular employment and no sense of common purpose. It has been estimated that 40 per cent. of working time is wasted waiting for a crane or the next load of material. Only one in ten of those under 18 get day release for technical training in Scotland, compared with nine out of ten in England and Wales. There would be great benefits from a reorganisation which would give regular employment and proper facilities for recruitment and training at all levels from skilled men and foremen to managers.

The weight of past practice lies even more heavily on the many white-collar workers in the insurance, accounting and banking offices (where the pay for a clerk in his fifties is often no more than £700 a year). To take one example: Scotland is heavily over-banked with one branch to every 3,000 inhabitants while England has one

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Among the professions, school-teaching requires a complete overhaul, not only because of its intrinsic importance and the shortage of some 3,000 teachers, but because of the decline in morale. The answer lies partly in modifying the Scottish tradition which is over-authoritarian and concentrates on academic drilling for examinations (both tendencies leading to an atmosphere in which corporal punishment seems natural), and partly in raising the status of teachers. This could be achieved by liberalising the approach of the training colleges, placing appointments on a purely professional basis and giving both opportunities and rewards for extra qualifications.

It is a pity that the Labour Party could not cap an appeal of this kind with a promise to look at the structure of local government. The burgh and county units in Scotland are as diverse and irrelevant to modern services as any of the local boundary divisions south of the border, yet the current review is confined to England. The weakness of these units has led Scottish local government to lose many of its powers to the regional bureaucracy and to become largely an agent of the administration. This is one of the few subjects which have raised great passion at recent conferences of the Scottish Labour Party, and the party's Scottish executive has been pushed to concede a speaker's conferences on the question when Labour comes to power.

If Labour can convince the public that it has an answer to Scotland's economic problems, that it will create not just a few material improvements but a society willing to innovate and advance, and if it can offer to meet the legitimate interest of Scotsmen in their own affairs, Scotland might well form, as it has never yet quite done, a new stronghold for the Labour Party.

JOHN P. MACKINTOSH

A Week-end Inside

WHEN the Governor said: 'You must come and stay with us, mustn't he, Marion?' and the Governor's wife said: 'You certainly must', and someone else added: 'You'll find it fascinating!', I thought perhaps I ought to accept – though the first tremors of apprehension were fluttering across my heart. I comforted myself on the long journey to the prison with the idea that it would probably turn out to be some kind of rather severe hospital where people who enjoyed thieving and immorality were forced to make baskets instead, or to sew up bags for the Post Office or take external degrees at London University.

But the prison turned out to be a prison in the most recognisable sense, and any ex-prisoner from Barabbas to Villon, from St Paul to Al Capone, would have blenched a bit to have passed it. A great wall some 30 feet high surrounded it, and on top of the wall there was a splintery diadem of shivered glass which flashed like beery jewels in the brilliant sunshine. The gate was terrifying and was intended to be so. A smaller gate was cut into it to admit people like the Governor and myself, though when a great criminal arrived the huge doors were swept back symbolically to receive him.

We were scrutinised as we entered and then we went at once to the Governor's office which was a narrow cream room, bright with cretonne and expensive-looking trade calendars. The Governor glanced at his letters and then told a man to bring him the morning papers, which he did, spreading them out perfectly like the newspapers in a club before the members come down to breakfast. The Governor selected the *Daily Mirror* and read an article about his prison which he enjoyed very much; then he ordered some keys and we crossed the exercise yard to visit the prisoners, who were beginning their day's work. There were about 600 prisoners and they were mostly in gaol for robbery with violence, housebreaking and sexual offences; and most of them spent their sentences making ledgers for the Old Bailey or garments for other prisoners, and sometimes suits for the time when they were fit to re-enter society.

The warders, who stood to attention when the Governor passed, are very unlike policemen; and if I had to describe the kind of man who becomes a warder I should say that he was a mixture of male nurse, chauffeur-gardener and ex-NCO turned attendant in a museum. Integrity and a total lack of imagination seems to be his thing. They stood, one at each door of the book-binding works, as we entered. I began to wish that I had gone to a point to point instead of coming to the prison. I expected the men to be bitter-eyed and have sweaty resentful faces; and instead they were just thin, pale people methodically guillotining the fore-edges of massive registers which would one day be filled with the names of other thin pale men. Everywhere one looked, prisoners were pressing, gilding, tooling and sewing fat folios and bland quartos for the High Court of Justice, for the Central Criminal Court, the Director of Public Prosecutions, the Receiver's Office, the Patents Appeal Tribunal, the Master in Lunacy, the Probate and Divorce and Bankruptcy Courts, and all the other institutions which make a good living as a result of the Fall; and it seemed a very salutary thing for them to have to do, like fetching more ink for the Recording Angel.

After I had chattered to some of the prisoners, mostly about historical book-binding, which I fancied might interest them though as a matter of fact it didn't, the Governor took me off to see the tailoring factory. A greater degree of optimism prevailed here. Some of the suits being made were for wearing in prison and some were for that breathless morning when a man stepped through the small gate and walked wonderingly down the road towards Woolworth's and a fear-marked freedom. The contrast in the two suits was extreme and so again salutary. Prisoners no longer wear pyjama-like garments covered with broad arrows, but what they do wear isn't much better. They have grubby-looking, itchy, grey flannel, two-piece suits which have the effect of degrading the wearer in some curious way.

On the way to the cells I paused to have a word with a distinguished looking middle-aged man who was forking over a dusty flower-bed. 'Our soil is frightfully parched,' he said; and I said that ours was in Suffolk too, and he said that he hadn't been in Suffolk recently, and the Governor said later, when I happened to mention this clearly superior man: 'Yes he is nice, isn't he. He's a solicitor from Dashbury and he's in for embezzling £40,000 and he's quite the best chap we've had with lupins.'

The cells were smaller than I had imagined them to be and there was an immediate rush to my nostrils of that unique smell which cannot be found anywhere else in the world except in prisons, and which might poetically be called the smell of despair, though in reality it is a fœtid mixture of centrally-heated iron – prisons are full of tons and tons of iron, iron doors, iron stairs, iron corridors – unwashed flesh and the unforgettable, unforgotten odour of desuetude. Each cell contained a bed, a table, a chair, a pail and a Bible. What was good enough for Bunyan is good enough for Butler one might cynically observe, though unfairly; for reform of the national punishment system means coming up against the grimmest hive of reaction in this country and those who work for penal reform must do so in a quiet, pedestrian way, knowing that the present Home Secretary is not out of sympathy with their main objectives.

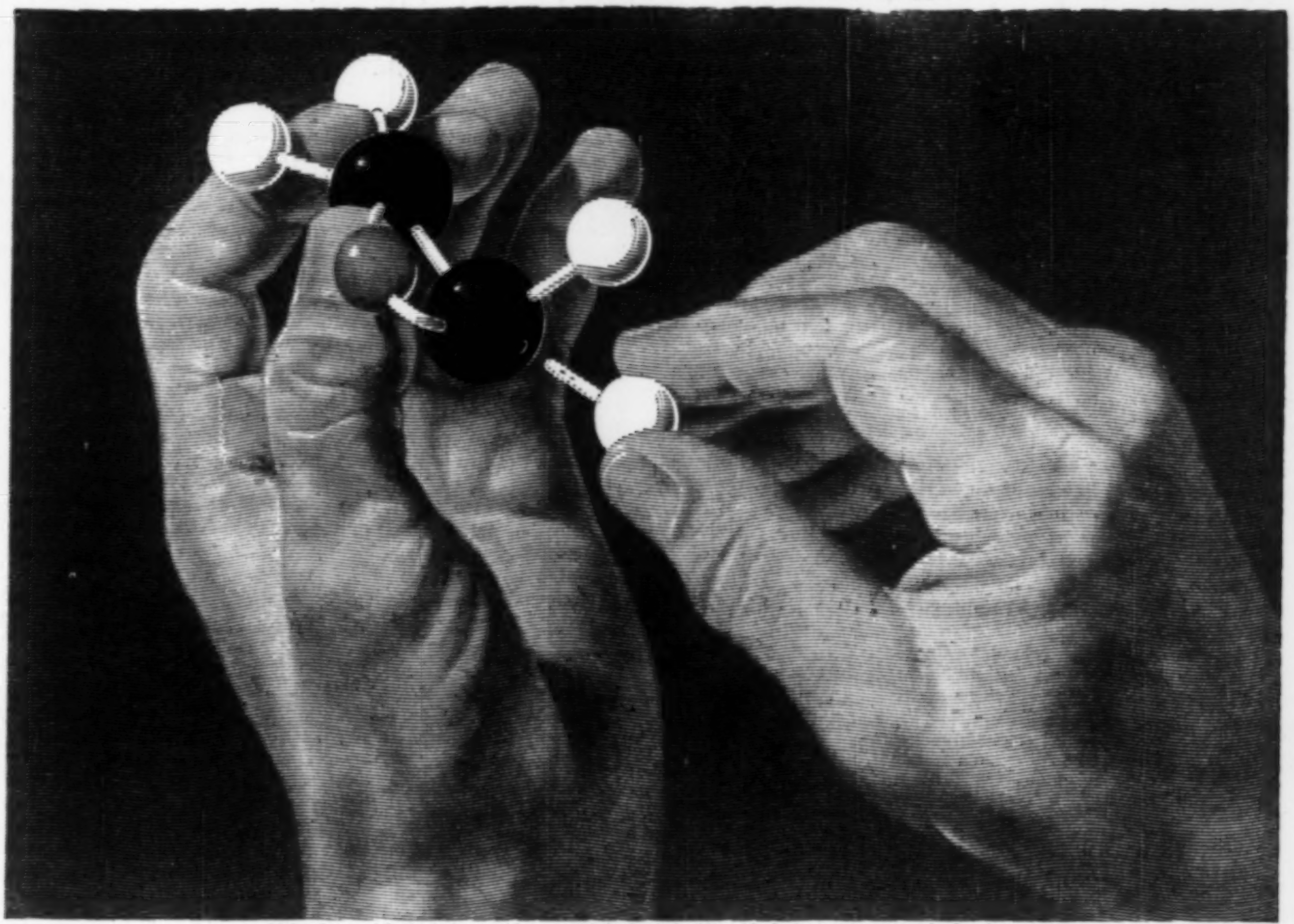
Many of the cells were decorated with snapshots of the occupant's family and some had cut-outs of the Queen and Prince Philip pasted on the walls, and one man had trimmed his chair with a long strip of *broderie anglaise*, and the impropriety of it struck one immediately. Sometimes a room had a wireless and a geranium in a pot and there were shared rooms like small dormitories, which were inhabited by older men serving long sentences. No young man was permitted to enter these communal rooms. The main block is an iron-lined quadrangular structure with the cells tiered round each wall leaving a middle well for the warders to walk in. Nobody can move without making a noise; it is like living in a can.

We went to the hospital, which had only one patient in it, and he not much more than a feverish child. The Governor said that he was quite a housebreaker, though it was only a phase he thought. I would like to have discussed housebreaking with this lively youngster but instead we discussed the boil which was making him ill and the novel by Hammond Innes which he was reading. The chapel is one of the most popular places in a prison. Though prisoners are not forced to attend divine service, most of them do, for, like sailors, criminals have a well-developed religious instinct occasioned perhaps by the uncertainty of their profession and the need for love in their lives. When I went in the chapel a number of men were busy stripping dirty Victorian varnish from its pews, leaving them a smooth silvery-grey. There were full-length murals on the walls and the models for the saints in these had been other prisoners, handsome robbers and pæderasts. The altar was approached by a startling flight of blue carpeted steps and I thought that this was to impress upon the congregation how far it had tumbled from grace.

Last of all, with the prison smell creeping through my teeth and through my clothes, so that I could taste it and feel it on my skin, we visited the Governor's personal *pièce de résistance,* the reading room he had created against considerable opposition. The prisoners using this room were fantastically sedate, for to be there was thought a very great privilege and thugs became temporary seraphs in order to read magazines and consult reference books. After a quick glance at the Brecht-like interior of the old Punishment Block, a windowless, barren, whitewashed vault which remained absolutely non-committal concerning what had occurred within its wall during the century of its existence, we left to drink coffee in a beamy, brass-decked café in the town. The Governor looked worried. I said: 'I expect it gets you down sometimes. . . .'

He said: 'Yes it does. My wife is the producer at the prison theatre and we shall only just get *Johnnie Belinda* on before we lose the best juvenile lead we've ever had. It really is depressing'.

RONALD BLYTHE



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The Arts and Entertainment

Unlikely Virtue

'They have got a rather special feeling, haven't they?'

'Yes – a finely developed sense of smell.'

'And they're so unusual.'

'Someone told me that there are only four specimens in the whole of the South of England.'

'So sensitive too.'

'Sensitive as prep school boys – my old teacher used to say.'

It is very easy to understand why Lionel Miskin has chosen to live in a remote part of Cornwall. But art, like fish, must be dispatched to the capital before redistribution. So now his tempera paintings are at the Woodstock Gallery. First let us put the worst complexion on them. When art appreciation means accepting everything and thinking about nothing, it is useful to attack at first even what one likes. These paintings – landscapes and figures in rooms – are coloured like boiled sweets: their recurring form is like a stick of barley sugar, dripping and bending as it melts. And to make matters worse Miskin calls the district he paints the Heavenly Kingdom. (Incidentally all the most metaphysical colours are now manufactured in ice-creams.)

Yet seriously, and with the bitterness natural to admiration at a time when even the great are only bought for specious reasons, I admire Miskin. When I wrote about his work eighteen months ago, I said that his paintings of people were better than his landscapes. Since then he has worked and developed a lot and now, although some of his portraits truly contain people, the four best pictures in this exhibition are all landscapes: three of the china-clay district round St Austell and one of the Fowey river. You can look at these paintings for a long time. They communicate first-hand experience. The river is seen pressing over the rocks as by a man who has watched it for days on end. The landscape of the white clay tips and the gouged, water-filled, abandoned pits has been contemplated with the same intensity as St Jerome stared at the not so dissimilar landscape of the skull. The drawing is somewhat clumsy: there are many formal ambiguities – is that a shadow cast from a cloud or a dip in the surface of the land? – the implied scale is (perhaps deliberately) deceptive – one imagines a mountain range when one is in fact looking at a few acres. Yet these are not naive pictures. They have a formal unity which is the result of the artist's total lack of hesitation whilst working. In this respect they are like a diary, genuinely not written for publication. They are pictures painted regardless of any tradition. (The only hint of an influence is that of Ensor, another eccentric.) They are painted for Miskin's sake, not because he is an egotist, but because he has chosen to be a provincial.

Nevertheless, although I understand this choice, enjoy his work and admire his integrity, I am not quite certain that Miskin is going to fulfil himself as he might. I would like to make him think about this himself. My carp is a subtle one. Perhaps I can make it clearest by quoting another example. Recently I visited Nuenen in Holland, where Van Gogh was formed as a painter and where he painted *The Potato Eaters*. The town is as dull and meagre as the landscape around it. You are profoundly moved precisely because of this. You recognise the elements of all Van Gogh's art – even those which he later 'exported' to France: the horizon line, the carts, the sagging roofs, the twisted trees, the bridges, the figures bent over the earth, the boots, the stoves – everything. And as you recognise them, you are overwhelmed by how trivial and unpromising they look. The doubt strikes you as it must have struck Van Gogh every day: how can anyone become a painter in such a place? Dull, misty, scrappy, uncomposable, banal – from a painter's point of view the rural equivalent of Birmingham. Yet here Van Gogh became the painter he was. He did not go to the north of Holland where the landscape is, in its own way, as noble as any in Europe. Instead he insisted on creating virtue in what was around him so that he could believe in it and then paint it. The provincial artist's great opportunity – and at this time Van Gogh was a provincial artist in every way – is to believe himself, and so make others believe, in the *unlikely* virtue of what is outside his front door. I can't help thinking that Miskin has chosen subjects that are too likely. It is too easy to see their possibilities. He writes of his landscape subject matter:

> It stands near to two of the finest landscapes in the world, the great petrified ocean of Bodmin Moor and the china clay district up behind St Austell, God's very own bleached geometry suspended in the sky over the quilted fields and woodlands like St Francis's vision of a Heavenly Kingdom.

Van Gogh wrote:

> I have once more tackled the old pollard-willow, and I believe that it is one of my best. It is a dark landscape. My desire was to paint it in such a way that the spectator must read and sympathise with the thoughts of the signal man with his red flag, who seems to say, 'Oh, what a gloomy day it is!'

The fact that I make this comparison at all is a tribute to what I believe Miskin may be able to do.

* * *

Last week I attended the memorial service for David Bomberg. Now we have just heard that Sir Matthew Smith is dead. The living rewards for these two English painters, who were among the few significant artists of their generation, were very different. One was passed over, the other sought after. Both, however, were dedicated painters. Although Smith's means and vision were essentially conservative, his rare sense of pleasure expressed through his colour will continue to give pleasure. Bomberg's obstinate stripping to essentials will also continue to stimulate those who follow him. His content was almost tragic, but he demonstrated a firmer faith than Smith in the future of painting. Criticism that can be read by the artist is very different from criticism that can never be. Nothing more is forthcoming, therefore no more demands can be made. Instead we declare gratitude.

John Berger

Marginal Notes

That popular quotation about not agreeing with what you say but defending to the last breath your right, etc., etc., assumes, I think, that what you say will at least be *interesting*. Some of us who have been sticking up for the fifth freedom, the freedom of television not to put its head in a sack whenever an election comes round, now find ourselves in a dilemma. Both channels are doing heroic work covering meetings, reporting speeches, and surveying the constituencies; but after a fortnight of the new political broadcasting I must say it will never replace *Wagon Train*.

The reports from the marginal constituencies, which both channels are featuring from time to time, are particularly unfascinating. 'The land in this constituency is rich and fertile and grows malt, barley and sugar beet. . . . The harvesters are hard at work and the beet is being stacked in neat piles, ready to go to the factory. The Labour candidate is vice-chairman of the county council and is particularly interested in the welfare of farm workers. The Conservative candidate was also born in the county and is chairman of the Highways Committee. He reminds farmers that the Government has given protection against falling world prices. Both candidates want to see more light industry in the area.' Thus the BBC on a marginal seat whose name I have forgotten. 'This constituency was formed in the redistribution of 1950 and has a Labour majority, but nobody is certain who is going to win this time. Here is the old canal, still flanked by the kilns which once produced the glass for which this area is famous. They say that more pigs are killed by local bacon curers before breakfast than anywhere else in the country, but this is not likely to be an issue, ha ha, in the present election.' Thus ITN on another constituency or possibly, for all I know, the same one. Well, how marginal can you get? I don't blame either of the television news producers, who are walking a very tricky tightrope here, but it does seem to me that this is impartiality carried to the point of madness. All we are getting is a vast amount of useless information about beet, wheat and bacon, like one of those *Do You Know* features in the boys' magazines. *Do You Know* that the constituency of North Norfolk has forty miles of coastline? *Do You Know* that the constituency of Brierley Hill, Staffordshire, produced the anchors for both

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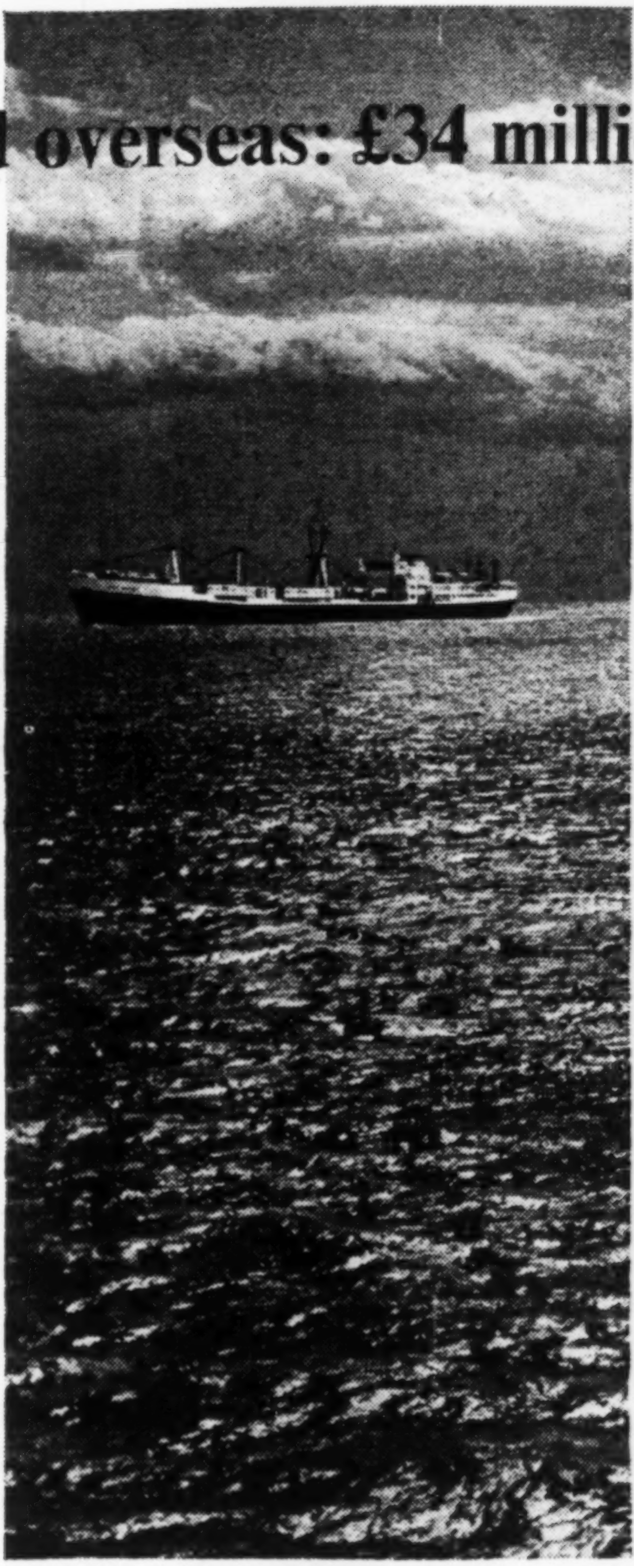

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This is Broadsheet No. 16 from the City of Steel

the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*? *Do You Know* that this candidate walked thirty miles in one day, and that to whom we are careful to devote exactly the same footage of film, has been an alderman for twenty-three years?

The news bulletins proper are also becoming rather tedious. Both channels are producing fair (definition of fair: that which includes Liberals), compact and reasonably comprehensive reports of meetings up and down the country; but as the days go by the picture is getting more and more stereotyped. The same faces come up time and time again, like cards in a pontoon deal – Mr Macmillan, Mr Gaitskell, Mr Bevan, Lord Hailsham, Mr Macmillan, Mr Gaitskell and, like the joker in the pack, Mr Frank Byers popping up in every programme. But let me say that I defend to my last breath the right of television to bore us in this manner.

We all seem to be agreed that the Labour Party is winning hands down on the election programmes, so there is no point in going on about it. I think I have found out, however, what is wrong with the Tory broadcasts. Someone has sold the Tories the idea that on television you must appear relaxed, without pointing out the danger that, if your material is not good, you are likely to give the impression that you are whiling away twenty minutes in a station waiting-room – especially when, as in the case of Mr Butler the other night, you are looking into the wrong camera for most of the programme. I see that Mr Butler has now promised that next time he does a broadcast it will be in his shirtsleeves, but frankly it is going to take more than a glimpse of the Home Secretary's braces to save the Tory programmes now.

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The Labour Party keeps up the high standard, although their programmes are beginning to get repetitive. The superannuation scheme is a good plank in any election campaign, but they are rather tending to hit us over the head with it in every programme. Labour had a good idea in persuading famous people – Donald Soper, John Osborne, Jack Hylton – to come on the air and endorse the product. I particularly liked Lady Pakenham looking up from *The Times* and saying: 'Labour looks after the *real* top people.' And I was delighted to see that Woodrow Wyatt addresses Hugh Gaitskell, as he seems to address everyone else on television, as if he were talking to the village idiot.

The first of the Liberals' two telecasts was pathetic. Five Liberals sitting in a row, one fluffing her lines, one talking Welsh, and Robin Day getting indignant about the lack of rural electricity. This must have caused a flutter among those viewers whose sets are operated by gas.

As we all know, ITV has cancelled most of its serious programmes. (The BBC hasn't, and, while I am on the subject, I must congratulate the old Corp. for not banning, publicly burning or otherwise impounding a play about unofficial strikes the other night, 11 days before polling day. It would never have got past Lord Reith.) A by-product of this cancellation has been that we have been able to see some interesting extra programmes, notably the one about Freud and his work. The point about this programme is that it took an election to make it happen. When Captain Brownrigg, general manager of Associated-Rediffusion, announced the cancellation of his company's serious programmes, he is reported as saying: 'It is a wonderful chance for our features department, who will get a chance to try new programmes.' He thus brought home the fact that on normal schedules, the London evening programmes have less than two hours a week that are not ear-marked for serials and series, and that in ordinary circumstances, to get his Freud programme on commercial television, Mr Elkan Allan would have had to write it as one of a series of thirteen. Do we really have to wait five years for 'a chance to try new programmes'? Roll on the next election, and a programme about Jung.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

The Ring Opens

'THE orchestra undeniably possesses a capacity for speech': Wagner's well-known dictum need no longer be quoted as a rebuke against Covent Garden's musical treatment of *The Ring*. Franz Konwitschny, the new conductor of the Cycle this year, has at least reminded the orchestra that it must *speak* – that it has its own rhetorical role to play, above and beyond the mere illumination and decoration of events. Konwitschny's approach to the rhetoric is never very subtle, and there were moments in *Das Rheingold* where a tendency to suppress the tail of an orchestral motif at the entry of a vocal line threatened the vital autonomy of the orchestral argument. This was perhaps due to a nervous concern for the singers on the first night. But at any rate a fuller confidence and a more balanced relationship between voices and orchestra was achieved in the later part of *Das Rheingold*, and confirmed in *Die Walküre*. One sensed a dynamic impetus that has so often been missing from Covent Garden's Wagner in the past. The somewhat slow beginning of *Das Rheingold* after the orchestral prelude was disturbing at first. Alberich's intrusion lost some of its crude impact through the slow tempo, and the mocking semiquaver laughter of the Rhinemaidens should surely take a more 'realistic' hold on the 6/8 metre. But as it turned out, slow tempi were not characteristic of the whole interpretation. Insensitivity, where apparent, took the form of over-expression rather than the opposite. The phrasing of the love theme at the beginning of *Die Walküre* was apt to be sentimental – one was reminded of Stravinsky's injunction to a chorus he was conducting, 'Why sugar the sugar?' – and though the climbing third and cadencing gruppetti of Sieglinde's motif achieved a much lower emotional temperature, this was partly due to the intonation of the violins. But how often do we hear those thirds precisely in tune?

Once again the dominating and inspiring feature of the production is Hans Hotter's Wotan, as revealed in the second act of *Die Walküre*. It is indeed a revelation, for in *Das Rheingold* Hotter presents a Wotan that has not yet found tragic stature. There he allows the scene to be dominated, or rather, subverted, by Loge, and in Richard Holm he has the ideal hidden adversary. Holm's flickering lightness of touch, his finely pointed rhythm and enunciation, deserve the highest praise.

Ursula Bose perhaps over-emphasises the *heilige Ehre* of Fricka at the expense of her more hoydenish qualities, but it is a fault on the right side, and she is a worthy mate for the Wotan who rises to such heights in the second and third acts of *Die Walküre*. Yet the honours will inevitably go to Astrid Varnay's Brunnhilde. Her singing was fully equal to one of the most original and beautiful passages in all opera – the fourth scene of the second act of *Die Walküre*, where Brunnhilde confronts Siegmund. Amidst those incomparable litanies of woodwind, brass and timpani, her voice took on a quality of fatal compassion, bringing together the implacable orders of Destiny and the inconsolable response of humanity. Thus prepared, her mute, unaccompanied question 'Was it so shameful, what I have done?' at the beginning of the opera's last scene, came as a moment of supreme self-justification. Varnay's singing of those two great lines of monody was an epitome of all Wagnerian drama.

It would be too much to expect something of this order from every member of the cast, but one cannot help regretting the manifest inadequacies of Ramon Vinay's Siegmund. Vinay is no longer quite strong enough for this demanding part – not strong enough musically to project the plunging octaves of Notung, not strong enough dramatically to make credible the symbolism of his seizure of the Sword. Yet we have much to be thankful for in this production, and it would be unreasonable to expect more.

DAVID DREW

Malice an Afterthought

AT first *Pieces of Eight* (the Apollo Theatre) seemed to be going back to the traditional style of intimate revue, which was the one true expression of the socialite ethos. It began with some sharp contemporary satire: on products, socialites, TV, business executives, and a splendid 'True Blue Love Song' by Sandy Wilson, sung with a wistful refrain of 'Don't let Labour ruin it'. But at that point the producer apparently realised that he had only one star comic aboard. The rest of the show might have been called *Waiting for Williams*. Now Kenneth Williams is

how can a man see the years ahead?

How, indeed? Or even choose a career until he has some practical experience of what it involves. How can a man say with certainty "This is for me" until he knows what it is all about?

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F. ROBERTS.

very funny indeed, in a helpless, zany, surreptitious way, like some infinitely awful, but clever, child. But it is his person that is witty, not his lines. His plump charm is for ever splitting as he hisses complaints into the wings, gestures at the audience, or hints by a twist of his mouth at some unspeakable infantile depravity. He has, as Yeats said of George Moore, 'the terrible gift of intimacy'. He also has all the best material, though Fenella Fielding appropriates a couple of excellent moments, and Peter Reeves and Myra De Groot make the best of what's left. But the usual love songs and dances are too long by half. All that chic Chelsea moodishness is peculiarly hard to bear; if it really represents the image the debs have of themselves, no wonder they're no longer presented at court. One last puzzle: having wisely reduced the orchestra to intimate-revue proportions, why did the director then encourage this quintet to make noise enough to deafen a London Palladium audience, and in much that style?

When the Hampstead Theatre Club opened at Moreland Hall last week, live theatre came back to NW3 for the first time since the Embassy Theatre closed in 1955. Alas, the news is more cheering than the opening production. *King's Daughter*, a melodrama about a thirteenth-century Welsh Tristan and Iseult, was smack in the end-of-term, honour-and-decency, rolling-eyes-and-rhetoric tradition. So was the staging. Mercifully, the evening was made worthwhile by an almost disproportionately good performance by Sian Phillips. I hope that from now on the club will base its standard on Miss Phillips's acting rather than anything else to do with this first production.

A. ALVAREZ

The Magician

JUST at the moment when we've had enough of Bergman – Bergman fascinating, and Bergman so-so, at all costs – comes his new film *The Face* (Academy) to revive drooping enthusiasm and enlist converts. Here once more is the Bergman we've been looking for – he too, no doubt – the juggler before God, the seeker after summit talks. *The Face* is lighter than *The Seventh Seal*: less dark, not less substantial. Divine comedy in its earthier manifestations is its mode, and it *is* comedy; it poises ultimate problems, it capers, it chills, it attains a clarity of meaning and vision not always achieved by this artist.

Literary influences have always worked strongly with Bergman, *Everyman* for example having set him on the track of his Knight on the seashore at chess with Death; and it would seem clear that the inspiration of *The Face* has been Kafka, and particularly *The Castle*. Halfway house, the coach arrival at night, the feasting and love antics of servants, humiliations, the soul's longing parodied in flesh; these are the props, which with Bergman serve a more buoyant, playful, but no less serious end. Kafka, one might say, in fancy dress. The hero is no down-trodden clerk, but a charlatan of the first order.

The 'dark ages', out of which will flash illumination, are those of the mid-nineteenth century – our own, under the first wave of a tyrannical science as bigoted as faith. New religions spring up, magnetism, mesmerism, spiritualism, to fill the aching gap of credulity. For all its authoritarianism science cannot hope to define or to contain the imagination, and here is its spill-over in the shape of a wandering Magnetist who with his cronies, a grandmother-witch, a fat busker, a boy go-between, travels from town to town, country to country. When we see them first, cut out on a hilltop, the witch is scrabbling for relics and spits at a crow, the boy might be a woman, the busker exudes false geniality; the Magnetist, dumb, has the face of suffering Christ. In they pack into the coach, on they rumble through a once-haunted wood – but the moans that pull them up are those of a ditched actor dying of drink. Him too they cram in, a corpse when they arrive at the town where an investigating committee of grandees and officials awaits them. They must stay in the Consul's house – below stairs – to be marvelled at, taunted, spat on; and their performance is to become trial and condemnation. Between the despised Magnetist and the arch-sceptic, a dry medical official, there will be a final clash of wills, of worlds, with souls shaken, a corpse dissected, the dead raised, in a grotesque flow of comedy and terror; everything is fraud, even on the part of the audience: a wonderful series of masquerades and unveilings in which love, duty, truth-seeking, sensuality, and the supernatural, all are exposed as other than they appear. Even the face of Christ is snatched off, mere make-up, and the dumb man speaks.

I won't press the legend further: it ends with an unexpected flourish which instantly asserts its rightness. The extraordinary achievement of this film is that it brings off a high finish of wit and vision. Comedy on this level is something new with Bergman, and to retort – as some do – that the high trickster brought before us is Bergman himself in confessional mood, does not dispose of it. What remains after the high and low jinks is the Christ face: without an original – if seems to insist – how could there be this counterfeit?

The characterisation in this morality is everywhere active, and Max von Sydow's Magnetist and Gunnar Bjornstrand's Doctor bring well-known faces of the Bergman troupe into their most dramatic opposition. I ended my last article by saying that too often Bergman puts us off with mere conjuring. Here is the return of true magic.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Cultural Exchange

I TAKE it that I'm expected to write about The Festival of Soviet Films (shown last week at the Curzon in London and the Cosmo in Glasgow and now showing in Birmingham at The Forum) as something more than a number of films which happen to come from the Soviet. But, if I did, would I be writing about the state of the Soviet cinema or about the taste of Soviet cultural officials? Look at the list of the feature films we're sending them in exchange: *Genevieve, The Horse's Mouth, Woman in a Dressing Gown, The Importance of Being Earnest, Geordie, Richard III, Oliver Twist.* Even if one hasn't a great deal of faith in current British film-making, one shudders at the thought of its being represented abroad by this lot.

I think, by the same token, that it would be fairest not to draw too many general conclusions from four of the six features I saw at the Soviet Festival—*The Captain's Daughter, Teenagers, The New Number*, and *Parental Home*. It's reassuring to find, in *Teenagers*, a Soviet film in which a girl who is an entirely sympathetic character gets pregnant out of wedlock. It would have been still more reassuring if she hadn't been abandoned by her lover. As it is, the broadmindedness of this film is only the broadmindedness of Hollywood's decency code, which says that nice girls may sin, but have to suffer for it. Of the film's three heroines, it is only the one who loses her

FORLORN HOPE, OR BRAVE NEW LIBERAL WORLD?

THE LIBERALS believe they are in reach of the biggest third prize that an election has ever offered them. They talk of doubling, possibly trebling, their seats in the House. In that event (success breeding success) they could look ahead to a first prize—a future Liberal Government. What are their immediate chances?

To questions like that the best answers are the ones based on the best information. The best information is supplied by the News Chronicle—the newspaper with the Gallup Poll. The Gallup Poll is the most sensitive of political and social barometers. The nation is making up its mind—see the final and most important surveys in the News Chronicle from now on.

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virginity who is left at the end, with difficulties in store, whereas everything in the garden is going to be lovely for the one who was vain, lazy, capricious and selfish until all of a sudden, one morning, she became a Stakhanovite. This miraculous transformation of a demi-delinquent into a good Soviet citizen is but one example among many in these films of a process by which somebody maladjusted comes to adapt themselves to society simply through wanting to please a beloved member of the opposite sex. The world is divided into, on the one hand, cads and bullies quite beyond the pale, and, on the other, good people, some of whom may misbehave for a time or under duress, but who soon, for no evident reason, become irreproachable: ninety-five per cent. of Soviet citizens are in the latter category.

But why expect to find anything different in any country's run-of-the-mill films? The depressing thing about the Festival was that one found the same evasion of any real conflict between good and evil in a film of serious pretensions which has been enthusiastically received by Soviet intellectuals, *The Destiny of a Man*. There are many sequences of considerable poignancy and beauty, not least the scene at the railway station where the troops are kissing their families good-bye (shades of *The Cranes Are Flying*: nobody can touch the Russians in their handling of this theme) and the hero, when his wife says that they'll never meet again, pushes her away, accusing her of burying him already. But it is precisely such indications of weakness and egoism in the hero that the last two-thirds of the film lack, and this is why it is devoid of drama. The hero finally emerges as a cross between Humphrey Bogart and Jane Wyman. He is a Bogart figure in that he is strong, silent, sad, laconic, fearless, and compassionate, can escape from captivity at will, commit murder in a good cause, has more lives than a cat, and can hold his liquor like a god. And this superman's destiny reminds me of that of a character once played by Miss Wyman, a nanny who loved too well and whose life was a catalogue of human misfortunes, succeeding one another with an inevitability that became ludicrous. It says much for the charm of Sergei Bondarchuk, who also directed, that by the end one hasn't got round to taking a spiteful pleasure in his miseries.

The Festival's redeeming feature was an excellent adaptation of Part One of *The Idiot*. The rather offhand reception it has had from critics here can only be explained, I think, by the fact that any film version of a Dostoevsky novel is the easiest of targets for intellectual snobbism. True, most of such films deserve all they get, but for those who want to be condescending it's so safe to say that any Dostoevsky film misses the deeper meanings of the novel. If people were always so exacting, Donskoy's *Gorky Trilogy* couldn't have the enormous reputation it enjoys, because, wonderful as it is, it is much less wonderful than the book.

This version of *The Idiot* has its faults. Cinematically, it is banal. It is slow to get going. It contains not a word of the two great monologues on capital punishment, and Myshkin's story about the village girl Marie is cut short so abruptly and inconsequentially that one wonders why it was started. But here on the screen is a Myshkin who is *capable* of the great monologues, a figure who has got the depth of understanding and the purity of spirit of Dostoevsky's hero. What is almost more remarkable, it presents a Nastasya Filippovna who is utterly convincing. To see a film in which two of the most complex and sublime figures in European literature are brought to life in front of our eyes is a pretty exhilarating experience.

DAVID SYLVESTER

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Correspondence

COMMUNISTS IN THE UNIONS

SIR,—As a former trades union branch secretary, I am surprised that a journal of your tolerant and well-informed reputation should indulge in the Tory and Liberal line of advocating the election of trades union officials on a party basis. I refer to your satisfaction at the defeat of the Communist, Mr R. G. Crane, at the recent Amalgamated Engineering Union elections, and your hope that the solitary surviving Communist on the executive, Mr C. V. Berridge, would soon be following him.

I can give you some first-hand information on this issue as I was struggling to organise the clerks into a union at a factory in the South of England where Mr Crane was convenor of the Shop Stewards Committee. Mr Crane gave me considerable assistance, and I was also in a position to know that he was a firm but realistic negotiator with the management, was respected by them and, what is more important, he was popular and trusted by all his workmates, irrespective of their political opinions. Since the war, the engineers have been very fortunate in having someone like him to negotiate on their behalf. I also know that cheery, likeable Mr Berridge is also a well-experienced trade union official and one of the few personalities in the trade union movement today. If you think the engineers will benefit by these men being replaced by untried mediocrities or the Roman Catholic Mr W. J. Carron, I can tell you that you are absolutely wide of the mark.

Mr J. Conway, like Mr Carron, may be a firm anti-Communist, but his firmness in the negotiating chamber with the employers is far more important and may leave something to be desired. I am of the opinion that the rank-and-file members may, in the near future, regret that they have been foolish in dispensing with the services of officials who have served them well.

I do not share Mr Crane's or Mr Berridge's political views, but there is only one basis on which trades union officials can be selected or balloted for, i.e. their experience, record and ability to represent the membership in a full-time capacity, and *not* on their political affiliations.

R. H. GOODWIN

36 Wateville Road
Tottenham, N17

JOBS FOR SCHOOL-LEAVERS

SIR,—I hope J. P. W. Mallalieu's 16-year-old Grammar school boy from Llanelly succeeded in getting his apprenticeship. He was late in applying for it but, judging from the sample I know, industry is still not very good at calculating how many school-leavers it can take for training, so he may have found a vacancy.

This boy, and others like him, should have been interviewed by his local Youth Employment Officer in April, or earlier, and encouraged to start making applications for jobs straight away. The Youth Employment Service (and I speak from the inside) could help in this, for it has machinery for searching for particular types of work in other areas. It is not necessary to wait for GCE results—lots of firms make tentative appointments pending the results. In my experience, however, the Youth Employment Service is not even extensively used by young people seeking employment. It gives a lot of vocational guidance interviews, but its actual placing work is relatively small.

The principal reason for this seems to be that the service has failed lamentably to establish a good reputation for itself. This is largely the result of the casual way in which it is run. For example, the Ministry of Labour, which runs a lot of the Youth Employment Bureaux, thinks it adequate to regard Youth Employment Officers not as men with special experience but simply as officials of a certain grade who, when they are due for promotion, have to move on to something else. When the ministry thinks like this, it is difficult for the Central Youth Employment Executive to expect better standards from the local education authorities that run the service. I know of one county education authority where the Youth Employment Officers are virtually half-timers because they have to do Youth Service work as well. The education authority therefore gets two jobs done for the price of one, and it is up to the Youth Employment Officer as to which he neglects.

It is not surprising, in view of this attitude, that bureaux are inadequately staffed, for nobody is very concerned about them. When you deduct the man-hours that must be spent doing Ministry of Labour and Ministry of National Insurance work, it means that the bureaux have not got enough time to do their real job properly. These continuing faults over the years have produced distrust of the service in many schools and among many employers. And the grammar school boy from Llanelly may be still seeking a job because somewhere along the line his case has not received the attention it should have done.

R. B.

THE STATE AND THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—My argument was that the most serious threat to independent inquiry in our present society is the prevalence of a certain way of thinking which I called, for short, utilitarianism; that utilitarianism has a stronger hold over our intellectual life than ever before; and that the sort of Royal Commission which you and Mr Henry Pelling want would encourage this trend. None of this is refuted by Mr Pelling's claim that earlier commissions have not had the effect I fear, since these were not conducted in the climate of opinion from which the danger springs.

Mr Pelling's letter is a fine example of precisely the kind of thing I am afraid of. Though he starts by speaking of 'the major problems facing the universities'—of which, of course, there are plenty—the 'problem' he actually discusses is that of what to *do* with the universities, which is something quite different and can only arise within the system of thought I was deploring. The assumption which animates his proposals is that the universities constitute (or ought to) a system whose end is to supply certain sorts of trained product. So, he urges, let us have specialisation within this system, with 'research facilities' concentrated at a few key institutions while the 'lesser universities' award first degrees only. This exhibits little understanding of the co-operative nature of higher education, in which teaching and original thinking are inseparably intertwined. How is original thinking to go on without research facilities and the stimulus of discussion with graduate students exploring one's subject at an advanced level? And what sort of teaching will it be that goes on without this?

Perhaps we denizens of the 'lesser universities' must save our thinking for the vacations, when Mr Pelling and his Oxbridge colleagues are not using their research facilities? It does not seem to me that the 'vested interests' are all on one side.

PETER WINCH

University College of Swansea

SOCIALIST FASHIONS

SIR,—Mrs Kohnstamini's arguments seem rather disingenuous. If it is true that under capitalism women's vanity in clothes is exploited for profitable ends it is only because that vanity is a stubborn and irreducible fact which existed long before capitalism was ever thought of. The Soviet authorities are themselves not blind to this and have lately begun to 'pander' to it by introducing more colour and variety into feminine fashions. Soviet women will accordingly choose their clothes (just as Mrs Kohnstamini does hers) so that they too may be the more acceptable to their friends (or perhaps even look more attractive).

In any case, there must be many an eccentrically dressed mother in capitalist countries whose sartorial oddities have not, on that account, prevented their husbands or sons from 'getting on'. By Mrs Kohnstamini's standards (commendably lofty, no doubt) most of her sisters the world over must be insane because, capitalism or otherwise, they adore finery and flock in their thousands to have a peep at queens

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virginity who is left at the end, with difficulties in store, whereas everything in the garden is going to be lovely for the one who was vain, lazy, capricious and selfish until all of a sudden, one morning, she became a Stakhanovite. This miraculous transformation of a demi-delinquent into a good Soviet citizen is but one example among many in these films of a process by which somebody maladjusted comes to adapt themselves to society simply through wanting to please a beloved member of the opposite sex. The world is divided into, on the one hand, cads and bullies quite beyond the pale, and, on the other, good people, some of whom may misbehave for a time or under duress, but who soon, for no evident reason, become irreproachable: ninety-five per cent. of Soviet citizens are in the latter category.

But why expect to find anything different in any country's run-of-the-mill films? The depressing thing about the Festival was that one found the same evasion of any real conflict between good and evil in a film of serious pretensions which has been enthusiastically received by Soviet intellectuals, *The Destiny of a Man.* There are many sequences of considerable poignancy and beauty, not least the scene at the railway station where the troops are kissing their families good-bye (shades of *The Cranes Are Flying*: nobody can touch the Russians in their handling of this theme) and the hero, when his wife says that they'll never meet again, pushes her away, accusing her of burying him already. But it is precisely such indications of weakness and egoism in the hero that the last two-thirds of the film lack, and this is why it is devoid of drama. The hero finally emerges as a cross between Humphrey Bogart and Jane Wyman. He is a Bogart figure in that he is strong, silent, sad, laconic, fearless, and compassionate, can escape from captivity at will, commit murder in a good cause, has more lives than a cat, and can hold his liquor like a god. And this superman's destiny reminds me of that of a character once played by Miss Wyman, a nanny who loved too well and whose life was a catalogue of human misfortunes, succeeding one another with an inevitability that became ludicrous. It says much for the charm of Sergei Bondarchuk, who also directed, that by the end one hasn't got round to taking a spiteful pleasure in his miseries.

The Festival's redeeming feature was an excellent adaptation of Part One of *The Idiot.* The rather offhand reception it has had from critics here can only be explained, I think, by the fact that any film version of a Dostoevsky novel is the easiest of targets for intellectual snobbism. True, most of such films deserve all they get, but for those who want to be condescending it's so safe to say that any Dostoevsky film misses the deeper meanings of the novel. If people were always so exacting, Donskoy's *Gorky Trilogy* couldn't have the enormous reputation it enjoys, because, wonderful as it is, it is much less wonderful than the book.

This version of *The Idiot* has its faults. Cinematically, it is banal. It is slow to get going. It contains not a word of the two great monologues on capital punishment, and Myshkin's story about the village girl Marie is cut short so abruptly and inconsequentially that one wonders why it was started. But here on the screen is a Myshkin who is *capable* of the great monologues, a figure who has got the depth of understanding and the purity of spirit of Dostoevsky's hero. What is almost more remarkable, it presents a Nastasya Filippovna who is utterly convincing. To see a film in which two of the most complex and sublime figures in European literature are brought to life in front of our eyes is a pretty exhilarating experience.

DAVID SYLVESTER

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Correspondence

COMMUNISTS IN THE UNIONS

SIR,—As a former trades union branch secretary, I am surprised that a journal of your tolerant and well-informed reputation should indulge in the Tory and Liberal line of advocating the election of trades union officials on a party basis. I refer to your satisfaction at the defeat of the Communist, Mr R. G. Crane, at the recent Amalgamated Engineering Union elections, and your hope that the solitary surviving Communist on the executive, Mr C. V. Berridge, would soon be following him.

I can give you some first-hand information on this issue as I was struggling to organise the clerks into a union at a factory in the South of England where Mr Crane was convenor of the Shop Stewards Committee. Mr Crane gave me considerable assistance, and I was also in a position to know that he was a firm but realistic negotiator with the management, was respected by them and, what is more important, he was popular and trusted by all his workmates, irrespective of their political opinions. Since the war, the engineers have been very fortunate in having someone like him to negotiate on their behalf. I also know that cheery, likeable Mr Berridge is also a well-experienced trade union official and one of the few personalities in the trade union movement today. If you think the engineers will benefit by these men being replaced by untried mediocrities or the Roman Catholic Mr W. J. Carron, I can tell you that you are absolutely wide of the mark.

Mr J. Conway, like Mr Carron, may be a firm anti-Communist, but his firmness in the negotiating chamber with the employers is far more important and may leave something to be desired. I am of the opinion that the rank-and-file members may, in the near future, regret that they have been foolish in dispensing with the services of officials who have served them well.

I do not share Mr Crane's or Mr Berridge's political views, but there is only one basis on which trades union officials can be selected or balloted for, i.e. their experience, record and ability to represent the membership in a full-time capacity, and *not* on their political affiliations.

R. H. GOODWIN

36 Wateville Road
Tottenham, N17

JOBS FOR SCHOOL-LEAVERS

SIR,—I hope J. P. W. Mallalieu's 16-year-old Grammar school boy from Llanelly succeeded in getting his apprenticeship. He was late in applying for it but, judging from the sample I know, industry is still not very good at calculating how many school-leavers it can take for training, so he may have found a vacancy.

This boy, and others like him, should have been interviewed by his local Youth Employment Officer in April, or earlier, and encouraged to start making applications for jobs straight away. The Youth Employment Service (and I speak from the inside) could help in this, for it has machinery for searching for particular types of work in other areas. It is not necessary to wait for GCE results—lots of firms make tentative appointments pending the results. In my experience, however, the Youth Employment Service is not even extensively used by young people seeking employment. It gives a lot of vocational guidance interviews, but its actual placing work is relatively small.

The principal reason for this seems to be that the service has failed lamentably to establish a good reputation for itself. This is largely the result of the casual way in which it is run. For example, the Ministry of Labour, which runs a lot of the Youth Employment Bureaux, thinks it adequate to regard Youth Employment Officers not as men with special experience but simply as officials of a certain grade who, when they are due for promotion, have to move on to something else. When the ministry thinks like this, it is difficult for the Central Youth Employment Executive to expect better standards from the local education authorities that run the service. I know of one county education authority where the Youth Employment Officers are virtually half-timers because they have to do Youth Service work as well. The education authority therefore gets two jobs done for the price of one, and it is up to the Youth Employment Officer as to which he neglects.

It is not surprising, in view of this attitude, that bureaux are inadequately staffed, for nobody is very concerned about them. When you deduct the man-hours that must be spent doing Ministry of Labour and Ministry of National Insurance work, it means that the bureaux have not got enough time to do their real job properly. These continuing faults over the years have produced distrust of the service in many schools and among many employers. And the grammar school boy from Llanelly may be still seeking a job because somewhere along the line his case has not received the attention it should have done.

R. B.

THE STATE AND THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—My argument was that the most serious threat to independent inquiry in our present society is the prevalence of a certain way of thinking which I called, for short, utilitarianism; that utilitarianism has a stronger hold over our intellectual life than ever before; and that the sort of Royal Commission which you and Mr Henry Pelling want would encourage this trend. None of this is refuted by Mr Pelling's claim that earlier commissions have not had the effect I fear, since these were not conducted in the climate of opinion from which the danger springs.

Mr Pelling's letter is a fine example of precisely the kind of thing I am afraid of. Though he starts by speaking of 'the major problems facing the universities'—of which, of course, there are plenty—the 'problem' he actually discusses is that of what to *do* with the universities, which is something quite different and can only arise within the system of thought I was deploring. The assumption which animates his proposals is that the universities constitute (or ought to) a system whose end is to supply certain sorts of trained product. So, he urges, let us have specialisation within this system, with 'research facilities' concentrated at a few key institutions while the 'lesser universities' award first degrees only. This exhibits little understanding of the co-operative nature of higher education, in which teaching and original thinking are inseparably intertwined. How is original thinking to go on without research facilities and the stimulus of discussion with graduate students exploring one's subject at an advanced level? And what sort of teaching will it be that goes on without this?

Perhaps we denizens of the 'lesser universities' must save our thinking for the vacations, when Mr Pelling and his Oxbridge colleagues are not using their research facilities? It does not seem to me that the 'vested interests' are all on one side.

PETER WINCH

University College of Swansea

SOCIALIST FASHIONS

SIR,—Mrs Kohnstamini's arguments seem rather disingenuous. If it is true that under capitalism women's vanity in clothes is exploited for profitable ends it is only because that vanity is a stubborn and irreducible fact which existed long before capitalism was ever thought of. The Soviet authorities are themselves not blind to this and have lately begun to 'pander' to it by introducing more colour and variety into feminine fashions. Soviet women will accordingly choose their clothes (just as Mrs Kohnstamini does hers) so that they too may be the more acceptable to their friends (or perhaps even look more attractive).

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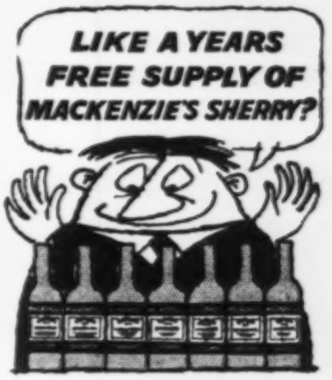
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STEPHEN CORRIN

10 Russell Gardens
NW11

SIR, – May I register a protest at the disingenuousness of your two correspondents of 26 September. The question is surely not one of being dressed by Dior or 'in satin and pearls', but of having an eye for line and colour – a desirable quality in anyone, whatever her income or status. I had thought with Lois Mitchison that the idea that frumpishness must go with high-mindedness was confined to sixth formers. Who really wants to live in a world where clothes are 'of the last importance'.

Finally, I feel bound to point out, though I am the last person to defend the institution of monarchy, that the Queen is a much better example of sex equality than Mrs K. If anyone, Russian or not, sincerely regards *her* as a 'partner and equal' I will eat my hat, bourgeois fripperies and all.

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PRIVILEGE FOR MALAYS

SIR, – My attention has just been drawn to the letter of the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Malaya in your issue of 5 September in which he pointed out a regrettable error in my article of 15 August, 'Malaya's Difficult Road'. I wrote of 'a privileged quota of places in the University of Malaya for Malays'. A correct statement of this safeguard for Malay education would be: 'The quota of Malay federal scholarships to the university is safeguarded'.

DERRICK SINGTON

27 Somali Road, NW2

STREET OFFENCES

SIR, – I have no sympathy with the present law relating to street offences, but the implementation of changes regarding homosexual practices recommended in the Wolfenden Report is unlikely to be advanced by accusations against the police of deliberate corruption. Nobody doubts the sincerity with which Mr Povey cites his case of the allegedly innocent gentleman arrested, charged, and fined for persistently importuning on Hampstead Heath. One does wonder, however, if he himself was present at the Magistrate's Court when the officers in the case presented the evidence which led to a conviction.

During four years as a probation officer, I was frequently approached by friends of persons similarly accused, who declared, and indeed believed, that a frame-up had been staged. But after hearing the police evidence, their attitude nearly always suffered a change. Arrests in these cases are made only after observation has been kept for a considerable period – I think not less than thirty minutes – and what the accused person in my experience was never able satisfactorily to justify was his presence at the same spot for that period.

I feel certain that the police as a whole would welcome with relief the termination of a degrading duty; but so long as it remains a duty, to accuse them of manufacturing evidence is a little unfair.

SEWELL STOKES

BRITISH STRIPS

SIR, – There may be, as Critic says, a shortage of good strip-cartoonists, but surely there is one quite outstanding at the present time – Arthur Horner, creator of the glorious crackpot, Colonel Pewter, in the *News Chronicle*. The Pewter strip is not only superbly drawn; it is a consistently witty commentary on the times we live in. A day that starts without Pewter and Glub is indeed a black one.

J. B. BROWN

26 Norham Road
Oxford

SIR, – While Critic may deplore their absence, much depends on what he means by 'good British strip-cartoonists'. There has developed in this country in the past few years a school of strip-cartoonists whose witty draughtsmanship combines both fantasy and satire. Trog, Horner and Maddocks, for example, in the national daily press. Their attitude is quite unlike both our own pre-war work and those contemporary foreign strips that we see. It would be unfair to ignore them.

Perhaps Critic has in mind a sharper, bolder satirical approach; a 'deeper' approach. It would be a splendid thing if he were to open the way for this in a country where significant satire is accepted with reluctance.

PETER KNEEBONE

37 Ennerdale Road
Kew Gardens, Surrey

THE CASEMENT DIARIES

SIR, – The suggestion put forward by Mr Ludovic Kennedy that the offensive passages in Casement's diaries are merely fantasies has often been considered but unfortunately is not of much help. A number of his comments might come under that category, but he is quite explicit about a very large number of incidents. That he enters full details of payments and gifts in kind bestowed on his partners and adds them in with his monthly expenses should dispose of this explanation. Moreover, Christiansen, the Norwegian sailor, is too solid a wraith to conjure away! Plenty of fantasy has crept into this affair but for this Casement's supporters and not Casement himself must be held responsible.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

THE BLACKHILL CAMPAIGN

SIR, – I refer to the article by Jack Parsons in your issue of 5 September entitled 'The Blackhill Campaign', in which appeared the following: 'The *Advertiser*, which played a leading role throughout, concentrated in building up support for a citizens' protest meeting in Berwick and using its press contacts to gain wider publicity. Its success staggered everyone; the Blackhill story hit the national headlines and stayed there.'

This is not quite correct. My news agency was responsible for most of the national publicity and we have no connection whatsoever with the *Advertiser*.

DAVID M. SMITH

17 Bridge Street
Berwick-upon-Tweed

[Jack Parsons writes: 'I see no reason to amend my words which I believe to be correct and fair. But I gladly acknowledge that Mr Smith's agency played an important part in this very successful campaign'. – ED., *NS*.]

THE TIBETAN FRONTIER

SIR, – In your issue of 19 September, it is stated that a Chinese cartographer cited the Oxford Advanced Atlas (1936 edition) in support of his country's case. It was alleged that the Indo-Tibetan boundaries in that atlas 'seemed to correspond with the Chinese maps'. The North-Eastern boundaries marked Ladakh, marked in the same atlas, appear to agree, within permissible limits, with other larger-scale maps of the area available in this country. Nevertheless the Chinese have driven a road right across this part of India's territory, cutting off many thousand square miles of the country. This at least appears to be a calculated and deliberate case not only of intrusion but of annexation.

L. ZUTSHI

36 Hereford Road
W2

ELECTION ADDRESSES

SIR, – May I, through the courtesy of your columns, appeal to your readers to send us election addresses and leaflets issued by candidates in their constituencies? We have here collections of election literature covering recent general elections, and should like to cover the present general election contest as fully as possible.

I trust that those who kindly respond to this appeal will understand that we shall be unable to acknowledge their gifts individually; I should like to thank them in advance for their help.

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Librarian

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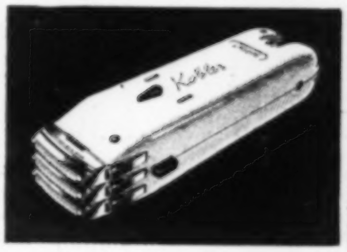

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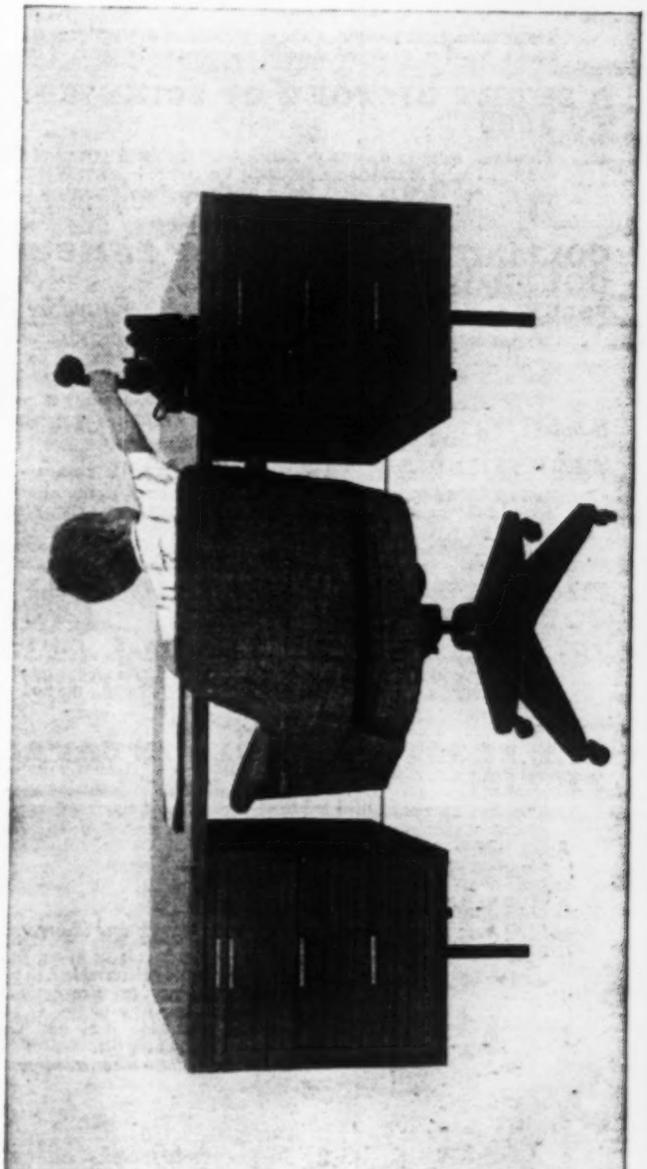

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AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

The Straw Man of the Age

ONE of the ways in which societies avoid the reality of dissidence and revolt is by encouraging imitations of rebellion. The licensed rebel is able to huff and puff a great deal, both satisfying himself and annoying the less discerning defenders of the status quo. But the more intelligent conservatives know very well that the provision of straw men to be attacked is a useful device to divert attention from the more important social targets. The latest straw man in our society is the concept of 'the Establishment'. 'The Establishment' has had a curious history; it first appeared as the malign force that tried to protect Mrs Maclean from the press. Since then it has proliferated until now Hugh Thomas has edited a collection of essays* in which the connections of the Establishment with the public schools, the Army, the Civil Service, Parliament, the City and the BBC are discussed. The quality of the essays varies enormously from the engaging brilliance of Simon Raven on the officer caste, where the form of autobiography is used to convey a serious piece of social analysis, to the turgid mutterings of Henry Fairlie about the BBC, where the form of social analysis is used to convey a bad-tempered piece of one-sided polemic.

It was Mr Fairlie, of course, who first popularised the phrase in print. He complains bitterly that its original meaning has now been lost to sight. By so doing he helps to bring out the very different ways in which 'the Establishment' has been used and in which it is used by the contributors to this book. At least three meanings have to be distinguished and every one of them is politically unhelpful. First of all, it may refer simply to 'the powers that be'; as such it could serve no special purpose, for it would tell us nothing about who exercises power in our society and how they do it. Secondly there is the meaning which Mr Fairlie originally intended to give it. 'The idea of the Establishment is concerned less with the actual exercise of power than with the established bodies of prevailing opinion which powerfully, and not always openly, influence its exercise.' The members of the Establishment do not represent established interests or power blocs; or, if they do, this is irrelevant to their membership of the Establishment. It 'has roots in no class and no interest . . .'

Who are the members of this mysterious rootless group? Vice-Chancellors, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Governors of the BBC, the Warden of All Souls – these all appear in Mr Fairlie's Honours List. At once it is clear that in Mr Fairlie's sense the Establishment is a mythological creature. It just is not there. For the members of this group can be divided into those who certainly have their roots in class and interest and those who equally certainly have no strong influence upon the exercise of power. The Governors of the BBC are among the former and the Warden of All Souls is among the latter. Mr Fairlie helps to undermine his own contention by pointing out how sensitive throughout its career the BBC has been to the demands of established authority.

The third sense which can be attached to 'the Establishment' is that which Mr Thomas editorially sanctions. 'The word "Establishment" simply indicates the assumption of the attributes of a state church by certain powerful institutions and people; in general these may be supposed to be effectively beyond democratic control.' Mr Thomas's own development of this sense is so incoherent as to be almost silly. On one page he can write: 'An Establishment point of view in painting undoubtedly, to an unbelievable extent, reflects mid-nineteenth century canons of judgment; there are still circles in England for whom an appreciation of the Impressionists is an esoteric taste and for whom El Greco is still "insane" ', and on the next he can cite as a pillar of the Establishment, as one of its 'saints', Sir Kenneth Clark. But if Mr Thomas makes nothing out of his own definition, something can still be made out of it, and something important at that. For the notion of a state church carries with it notions of ritual and of prestige which are important. It is not just that power is exercised in our society; there are certain trappings of power, certain ritual performances and sacred offices associated with its exercise. Thus the concept of the Establishment is connected not with power or authority themselves, but with the masks which they wear. If the first meaning that can be attached to the phrase was unhelpful because vague, and the second was unhelpful because based on misconceptions, this third meaning is a positive menace to clear political thought. For by associating the expression with the mask of power rather than with power itself, it distracts attention from the reality and provides a convenient substitute object for attack. As the cohorts of licensed rebellion surge into battle against the Royal Academy and the Warden of All Souls, one can hear in the distance faint cheers coming from the Banks, the Treasury and the boardroom of AEI. Once again the real centres of political and industrial power are safe.

In three essays in this book the real issues are touched on. Victor Sandelson provides an introductory guide to the workings of the City; Thomas Balogh pierces through the myth that the Civil Service is a neutral and impartial instrument waiting to implement whatever economic policy the statesmen may decide upon; and Christopher Hollis vigorously lays bare the impotence of Parliament. But none of them begins to raise adequately – and one can see how neatly the concept of Establishment gets in the way of raising adequately – the question of how the masks of power are related to the faces behind the masks. For the simple fact is that established opinion and the established rituals of authority can only be understood once we understand where power actually lies, and what class and what interest hold power. It may be said that this is a matter which lies outside the scope of the present essays; this is indeed so, and it is the concept of the Establishment which makes it so, and which assists towards the fiction that all the panoply of power and authority can be considered apart from considering power and authority in themselves. Yet if we look at the points raised in this connection by these essayists three clear political morals emerge.

The first is the interlocking character of all the institutions of established power. Why does the question of the ownership of industry haunt this book? Because the City is unintelligible, the issues debated in Parliament are trivial, the failures of economic policy-making by Civil Servants have no substance, and the financing of the public schools is a mystery until this question is raised. But to raise it is to bring out the fact, which this book does not bring out, that the masks of power wear two faces. On the one hand there is the face presented by the BBC, by *The Times* and by all that Mr Fairlie equates with the Establishment; on the other hand there is the face presented by the popular press and ITV. There is the face of Mr Macmillan and the face of Dr Charles Hill. They belong together. For in a society radically divided by private ownership of the means of industrial production there is going to be a sharp division between the face presented to the executives of the established order and those who aspire to be such (Top People *and* Those on the Way Up), and the face presented to those who provide merely their labour at one end and their consumer power at the other end of the economic system. The one mouth cries that it knows and wishes to propagate only what is really best, that it knows what is good for you better than you do yourself; the other mouth says that it gives you what you want, that it is the obedient servant of the demands of the public. Mr Fairlie identifies the Establishment with the former and consequently identifies opposition to commercial television with opposition to democracy and to creating a 'population with independent tastes'. By so doing he plays his part in accepting the alternatives as being either that of doing good to people self-consciously, or else that of surrendering them to the pressures of the mass media, while thinking that this is giving them what they want. What we have to do is to refuse to accept the choice as lying between these two alternatives. But so long as we have our kind of class-divided society these are just the alternatives we shall continually be presented with.

The second moral relates closely to the tasks of the next Labour Government. Dr Balogh with great skill exposes the failure of previous Labour Governments to create an Establishment of their own. They failed to give us socialism partly because they tried to use institutions and people who were profoundly anti-socialist. But while the substance of Dr Balogh's argument

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* *The Establishment.* Edited by HUGH THOMAS. *Anthony Blond.* 21s.

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seems to me unassailable, the crucial fact about socialism is that it will be a society in which power and decision-making are more widely diffused, not a society in which one oligarchy has replaced another. The problem of how to avoid falling prey to the bureaucracy is a permanent problem for socialists.

Finally, there is a general moral which I should like to draw. This book helps to demonstrate the way in which political thinking that starts from the concept of the Establishment is likely to lead nowhere. For, because it leaves the true centres of power unnoticed and unexamined, it can offer no general picture of the possibilities of our society, of the changes that are necessary, of the way in which the substance of human life could be transformed and enriched through political action. And this lack of any assessment of potential alternatives to our present system means that the attacks on the Establishment are not only aimed in the wrong direction, but even in that direction they are too negative. To many this book will seem like a piece of mere querulousness. It is far more than that. But it remains a book in which the contributors are trapped by the concept of the Establishment so that they appear among the latest and most distinguished victims of the straw man of the age.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

The Poet

And in bewilderment
My tongue shall tell
What mind had never meant
Nor memory stored.
In such bewilderment
Love's parable
Into the world was sent
To stammer its word.

What I shall never know
I must make known.
Where traveller never went
Is my domain.
Dear disembodiment
Through which is shown
The shapes that come and go
And turn again.

Heaven-sent perplexity –
If thought should thieve
One word of the mystery
All would be wrong.
Most faithful fantasy
That can believe
Its immortality
And make a song

EDWIN MUIR

The Ruin

Here a home has split in half,
Nettles make its epitaph.
On their venomed surface lies
No dew from gentle skies,
They with acrid sombre smell,
Shards and rubble know it well,
Come to summarise the scene
Where our angry lives have been.

FRANCES CORNFORD

Behind the Shifting Curtain

Bitter Harvest. Edited by EDMUND STILLMAN. *Thames & Hudson. 25s.*

Anatomy of a Moral. By MILOVAN DJILAS. *Thames & Hudson. 25s.*

The Polish Volcano. By FLORA LEWIS. *Secker & Warburg. 25s.*

Thirteen Days that Shook the Kremlin. By TIBOR MERAY. *Thames & Hudson. 21s.*

I have been convinced for many years that Communism, in some form, will 'outlive' capitalism—provided of course that their rivalry does not end in nuclear suicide. The question, as I have seen it, is whether the dangers and acerbities of the struggle could be modified by the victory of Titoism in the East and of democratic socialism in the West. Tito's break with Moscow was therefore a crucial event; we all held our breath as the contagion of independence spread through Eastern Europe. At no time since the war has there ever been any danger of capitalism being restored in Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania or Bulgaria. The people's struggle was not to bring back the landlords and the business bosses, but to win recognition of civil rights, to end the brutality of the secret police, to obtain national independence within the Socialist bloc, and to throw out bureaucrats chosen for orthodoxy rather than for ability. In Poznan, where the Polish revolt began, the mainspring was sheer hunger and economic misery, but all these political factors played an important part in the growing rebellion within each of the satellite countries.

Miss Flora Lewis's account of the Polish rebellion is an admirable piece of journalism. Her detailed narrative puts the factors in perspective. The Poles were never cut off wholly from the West; windows were always open to Rome, France, America and Britain. Poland was, and still is, overwhelmingly Catholic. Miss Lewis quotes an atheist who goes to mass as an anti-government demonstration. Revolt was sparked off by the revelation of police atrocities given over Radio Free Europe by one of the chief torturers. The climax of the story is the dramatic withdrawal of Krushchev and the Soviet army. That the Poles broke with tradition and saved their lives by a compromise was largely due to the sight of full-scale repression across the frontier. The West, itself murdering in Suez, was debarred morally and physically from giving aid. The Hungarian warning compelled compromise. 'The danger receded,' writes Miss Lewis, 'and somewhat sheepishly the Poles began to congratulate themselves with a saying that grew popular. "We have often given our heads for Poland, but at last we are learning to use our heads for Poland." A country faced with overwhelming enemies . . . woke up to take delight in finding it had won a political victory'.

The main interest of Mr Meray's account of the Hungarian revolt is its appraisal of Imre Nagy who appears as a well-meaning man of academic type and scientific bent who was prepared, if he had had the chance and the capacity, to play the part in Hungary that Gomulka successfully played in Poland. For one extraordinary moment in history he found himself the true representative of the Hungarian people. He was caught between the demands of nationalism and the necessity of Soviet support. His suggestion that Hungary might leave the Warsaw Pact may have been the last straw that brought the Russian armies back to Budapest. The world learnt that, challenged by revolt within its empire, Moscow was ready to behave with more treachery and cruelty than western imperial governments in Africa or Asia.

The presence of Soviet armies effectively prevented the intellectual and physical revolt in Poland and Hungary from going all the way from the dictatorship of the proletariat to western democracy. Only in Yugoslavia was it possible for a writer publicly to support social democracy by Marxist arguments. Djilas is a unique figure; and when, finally, after long hesitations, Tito imprisoned him, only Dedijer (whose support Djilas repudiated) was sure enough and brave enough to come down on his side. In an exceptionally interesting introduction to a collection of Djilas's essays published in *Borba*, Mr Paul Willen shows us that Djilas's stand was often illogical, and that when it came to dialectics he was outplayed by Kardelj, who even suggested they should thrash out their differences openly in *Borba*. Djilas was, after all, high in the Tito hierarchy. Mr Willen adds that he rejected

> all 'reasonable' compromise, including the tenets of the very 'revisionism' he himself had spawned—thus leaving Tito no choice but to keep him in rigorous isolation, and then after the 1956 crisis, in the solitary confinement of the Metrovica prison to which Tito's political exigencies and Djilas's spiritual development logically directed him.

'Had no alternative' means, I suppose, that, if Djilas had been allowed to go on writing as he pleased, the Communist party might have split.

The basis of the Djilas revolt emerges clearly from the articles collected in *The Anatomy of a Moral*. It is also the dominant theme of *Bitter Harvest*—a fascinating collection of critical articles from behind the iron curtain. First and foremost Djilas attacks the bureaucracy which always wants 'to intensify the class struggle'. This had been the nub of criticism in every Communist country. Those who have won their places of power in the revolutionary struggle will not lightly yield them after victory is won; in order to prove the need of their own dictatorship they constantly revive the image of the 'bourgeois enemy' and include in it any groups or individuals who do not readily obey. Djilas attacked on the spot the New Class while Burnham attacked from a distance. He draws a scathing picture of the exclusive and privileged life of the bureaucrats, of the snobbish behaviour of their wives, of their contempt for ordinary people. Tito was prepared to put up with such criticism; he probably welcomed it. But Djilas saw no cure for this Communist disease except to permit the growth of a second opposition party. This was his great heresy. He wrote without clarity, and he sometimes vacillated under attack because he could not bear to cut himself off from his comrades. He emerges as an able, brave, rather naive Socialist of an old-fashioned type; he drew his inspiration from the simple peasant revolutionaries with whom he had spent his youth in Montenegro. Mr Willen sees him as one of those inspired fighters for freedom whose permanent value to mankind lies in their fight, not in the practical application of their proposals.

Bitter Harvest would have been strengthened by the inclusion of more Chinese writing under Mao. But the two examples of flowers which are allowed to bloom in this anthology show that Communist bureaucracy is the butt in China as in Eastern Europe. How great a response there must have been to these bitter satires on the arrogance and ignorance of petty dictators, jumped up into power, driving to a madness of frustration the workers who knew their job! Some of the writers represented in this collection are still, like Tibor Dery, in gaol; some like Harich, are

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now in exile; some, like Nagy, are dead; some, like Pasternak, survive, though their writing is not published in their own countries. A few, like Ehrenburg, whose *Lessons of Stendhal* is outstanding here for the literary quality of its appeal for freedom, have contrived to remain as spasmodic critics, choosing the safer, more propitious moments to remind the world that their usual conformity is a matter of tactics, not of inclination. The most interesting and basic arguments today come from Poland. Leszek Kolakowski provides the sharpest satire, and also an argument between a Revolutionary and an Intellectual which is certainly the product of many night-long discussions in Warsaw cafés. We are back at the eternal argument about ends and means – a tautological argument usually, since philosophers do not hold that we can know what are good means without some calculation of their results, so that we only know that the means are bad if we see they will not serve the end we believe good. But such abstractions sound different in a country where power is absolute and concentrated. Is silence merely 'a convenient way of lying'? What happens, if Big Brother doesn't let you keep silent, but insists that silence is disloyalty when he needs your assurance that the murder of your friends is justified in the interests of creating a society where all are little brothers? The café talkers will find, as the eighteenth-century talkers did, that the answer lies in the dispersion of power. Wherever it is absolute, there will be repression of the human spirit, defended on the highest principles; for in this there is no difference between a Pope, safeguarding the souls of men by murdering the Albigensians, Calvin burning Servetus, or Stalin making Russia safe for Communism by the never-ending murder of Communists.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Stamping Sicily on the Mind

The Ten Pains of Death. By GAVIN MAXWELL. *Longmans. 30s.*

To Feed the Hungry. By DANILO DOLCI. *MacGibbon & Kee. 30s.*

Among the beautiful plague spots of the Mediterranean, feudal Sicily festers and degenerates. The land is poor, burned up, rocky and short of water, and a primitive agriculture cannot support the enormously growing population; year by year, despite philanthropy and reform, destitution increases. The traditions of the peasantry, whose ignorance is preserved by the Church, are obstructive enough; the authorities in Italy and the intermediaries in the island have contrived a system by which they swallow up the funds and frustrate law and reform, long before these reach the families living on a hunk of dry bread (two lb. per person) and a small plate of pasta a day. Northern Italians look on in horror at the misery, superstition and murderousness of the Sicilian way of life, especially in the western part of the island. Mr. Gavin Maxwell, whose excellent book on the bandit Giuliano will be remembered, says that in Castellammare del Golfo eighty-five per cent. of the population have been in prison and that one in three of the males has committed murder. Starvation has combined with the vendetta, the wars of the *mafia* and the ferocious cult of honour to account for these appalling figures.

The facts of Sicilian life have been well known for a long time but, as always in the case of chronic misery, cruelty and injustice, they come to us in a generalised and statistical form. The imagination has nothing overpoweringly human to work on. Anger turns people into problems and problems cease to be lives. The originality of Mr Maxwell is that, after spending long periods living among the poor of western Sicily, he has made a collection of typical lives and has taken down their stories more or less verbatim. The people speak for themselves in their own accents. There is the gloomy carabiniere from the north, stuck in Sicily against his will, who goes in fear of his life. He has pursued the bandits; he has dragged off innumerable people to gaol; he describes the prison tortures and the dossiers that are kept of all people who are not in the Christian Democrat party. The police station is one of the agencies by which priests and landlords see that the rebellious are marked for permanent unemployment. There is the prostitute who describes in detail the working of the brothel system and her own belief, as a tradesman, in its value. She regards herself as a social benefactress. There is the starving boy who turns pickpocket, who eventually becomes Communist, but who is in despair because he feels his lack of education has made him of little use to the Party; he has become a street barber. There is the young man who becomes a doctor, not because he has a vocation but in order to get social standing; unable to pass his examinations, he relies cynically on his father's influence – his father has an ominous connection with the *mafia* – and, when he is eventually 'qualified', is furious because the peasants think they have a right to medical treatment and no longer defer to him. There is the heart-broken schoolmaster who, having half-killed himself to get a diploma while he was starving, is confronted by thick-witted children who conduct masturbation races publicly in the class-room. There is a long list of peasants, fishermen, killers, pedlars and corner boys and beggars, and each takes the reader to the core of Sicilian life. Mr Maxwell has arrived at an intimacy which must be unique in a foreign writer. He goes thoroughly into important events like the wine and olive harvests and the organisation of festas. His book is a *tour de force*.

Everything he says is confirmed in the book of Danilo Dolci, the Sicilian 'saint' whose writings and philanthropic activities have led him to arrest and prosecution. Dolci follows the same method. He has collected a very large number of characters, taken down their stories and has added a good deal of statistical material. He is loathed by priests and politicians. The voices of the poor are not always pleasant; in Sicily they boast brutally and continually about their sexual lives and Dolci has been arrested for publishing obscene literature. That they are endowed with uncontrollable and phenomenal sexuality is the last illusion left to the destitute. The segregation of women, the rigid rituals of long courtship, the savage cult of honour, enhance the obsession. One cannot regard these people as happy pagan animals; their religion has done everything to torture them with sexual guilt. Their sexual precocity is a product of their appalling living conditions.

Dolci's lives catch all kinds of accents from the homely and naive to the experienced, cynical and cunning. The pedlars, public scribes, and contact men, the fishwives and cobblers, are all natural story-tellers who are fascinated by the circumstantial detail of their lives. The people are intensely interested in themselves and – it must be said – show no sign of that whining apathy which is often found among the poor of modern industrial cities. They have been starved but not annulled. Ignorant as they may be about finance and geography, they know exactly what the struggle for the land is and understand how they are diddled by lawyers. The goat paths, the byres, the shacks, the quarries and burned-up fields come to life as they speak. Nor do they lack the power of reflection; one of the most curious transcripts is that of a simpleton shepherd in gaol for stealing a couple of bunches of herbs. (He was given four years for it!) Here is a man who from childhood has learned to be appalled by human beings, even by children, and who has gone to live with animals. Naive though he is, he is able to give a vivid account of what effect hunger has on the imagination. One could pick out a score of stories from Dolci's book and from Maxwell's. Where journalists inevitably generalise such characters (I suspected only one of Mr Maxwell's: the complacent nun; but as a type she is true enough), these writers have caught and preserved the individual voice. It is impossible to say after reading these books that the 'imagination cannot grasp, etc. etc.'; they see to it that the imagination *does* grasp in hundreds of daily instances.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Maxim Gun

The Diaries of Lord Lugard. Edited By MARGERY PERHAM and MARY BULL. *Faber. 3 vols., 8gns.*

During the 1880s Western Europe's chief export to the Kingdom of Buganda was religious wars – wars in which, as in post-Reformation Europe, a complicated civil and international struggle for power was conducted partly with guns and partly with theological arguments. When in December 1890, at the age of 32, Captain Frederick Lugard arrived in Kampala with a somewhat vague imperial mission, a small force of Sudanese and Somalis, and a Maxim gun which had formerly belonged to Stanley, he was faced with a mesh of competing corporate interests – difficult to understand, more difficult to control. There was Mwanga, the restored Kabaka, now a professing Catholic, still enjoying – for all his bad habits – the enormous prestige attaching to a legitimate sovereign. There was the Buganda ruling class, holders of the great offices of the realm and the estates which went with them, divided into two major parties, described sometimes as 'Catholics' and 'Protestants', sometimes as *Wa-Fransa* and *Wa-Ingleza* – since confessional differences were inextricably involved with the conflict between the two European Powers to which the two parties mainly looked for support. Behind the major parties stood the two competing missionary interests, the White Fathers and the CMS – their rivalry moderated at times by a sense of belonging to Europe and Christendom, just as the rivalry between the Buganda parties was moderated by a consciousness of the underlying unity of Buganda. The system also included a third, Muslim, party, the *Wa-Islam*, which since its defeat by the combined Christian parties had withdrawn to the north-west, and was for the time excluded from a share in titles, power, and estates: the *Wa-Islam* lacked, of course, a European Grey Eminence – but they had their own Pretender to the Kabakaship, Mbogo, Mwanga's uncle, and their own rather remote connections with the Muslim world. A fourth interest was the *Futabangi*, meaning '*bang*-smokers', Pagan outlaws, landless polytheists, led by a Robin Hood called Mtegiri (another of Mwanga's uncles). Altogether a deeply interesting example of a multi-party system, in which each party possessed its own private army, and the right of each party to use military force, when expedient, to gain its objectives was in practice assumed: a laboratory for the student of politics.

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JON ROSE. 'Behind the robust humour of this story, written in a most engaging manner, is a delicacy of perception and sympathy that promises well.' Daniel George, *The Bookman*. October 16. 10/6

ANDRE DEUTSCH

Write for our Autumn-Winter List
12-14 Carlisle Street, London W1

Lugard, however, was not a student of politics. On the whole he had a strong dislike for Buganda politics and politicians – and their allies, the priestly pressure-groups – though there were a few individuals for whom he developed an affection. He was essentially a man of political action, supported, when necessary, by military action. His job, as he saw it, was to impose British order – which meant, immediately, a treaty with that rickety organisation, the Imperial British East Africa Company – upon the Kabaka and the great corporate interests; to limit the ambitions of the Protestants; to neutralise, but deal justly with the Catholics; to reconcile the Muslims; to redress the grievances of the *Futabangi*; to provide a solid basis for British power, not only in Buganda, but in the adjacent kingdoms of Bunyoro, Ankole, and Toro. By the end of his mission he came to believe that this aim had been largely achieved:

> *Now* the British are acknowledged *de facto* rulers of the country. I have the burza [council] on all important matters *here*, instead of toiling over to the King. He is now in truth a mere 'straw Sultan' . . . and his opinion is rarely asked or wanted. . . .

So this vast diary is, in fact, an extremely detailed, almost day-to-day account of Lugard's actions during his three East African years – his negotiations, audiences, decisions, wars, skirmishes, successes, defeats, great journeys, villages visited, trees observed, hunts, camps, rows, floggings, correspondence, filing system – with some account of his passions – bouts of sickness, frustrations, hopes, self-criticisms – often tedious and repetitive, occasionally moving and exciting, when dealing with big historical events.

What, I found myself wondering, led Miss Perham to publish these diaries, with an elaborate and helpful critical apparatus, when she has already given us, in the first volume of her Lugard biography, a much more succinct and coherent account of this phase of his career – only 160 pages, as contrasted with the 1,300 pages of the *Diaries*? Of course, there is raw material here for specialist historians of the period; but they hardly require an eight-guinea edition. Miss Perham's own answer to this question is interesting:

> We would give much today to have a full diary of Julius Caesar, written up during his British invasion, or, to be a little nearer Lugard's mark, that of the general of the Emperor Claudius, Aulus Plautius. . . . Lugard's diaries have no claim to be great literature, but they have the special interest and value that belongs to detailed jottings along the road of a historic journey. As such, especially for Africans, they will grow in value with the decades.

Maybe in 2,000 years time Ugandan teenagers will do Lugard for O level. As regards the value of the *Diaries* for this generation, much depends upon one's assessment of Lugard, not as a writer, but as an observer of the African civilisations of his time, particularly of Buganda civilisation. This is where I begin to doubt. Lugard appears in these Diaries as an extremely capable administrator and negotiator, a courageous and honest man; but not, I would have thought, in the same class as the great traveller-reporters of the earlier part of the century. He lacked their detachment and insight. By the end of the century the Maxim gun, and the philosophy that went with it ('Whatever happens we have got The Maxim gun and they have not') produced a new kind of insensitivity, imposed a new barrier between the European and African worlds. Africans came to be regarded instrumentally: 'good' Africans were those who co-operated with higher European ends.

> The native looks on it as sacrilege to touch a Sahib, and also expects little short of death from the Sahib if he should be fool enough to try conclusions. To this prestige the White man owes his ascendancy, and it *must* at any price be maintained, just as one would with a brute beast. This may sound harsh, but it is true, the black man must respect the white in every possible way – even including physical force – but the reasons are too long to go into.

The basic reason, surely, was the Maxim gun.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Asian Approaches

Journey to the Beginning. By EDGAR SNOW. *Gollancz*. 21*s*.
China Diary. By R. M. FOX. *Hale*. 18*s*.
The Mask of Siam. By DAVID BARNETT. *Hale*. 18*s*.
Land of the Lotus Eaters. By NORMAN BARTLETT. *Jarrolds*. 25*s*.
Back to Bokhara. By FITZROY MACLEAN. *Cape*. 18*s*.

Not long before going to China I met a Foreign Office man who had served at the British Embassy in Peking and I asked him if he could recommend any books about the rise of Chinese Communism. He racked his brain for a while, and then said, 'Well, of course, you can't really do much better than C. P. Snow's *The Long March*'.

C. P. Snow has never written anything at all about China, and *The Long March* happens to be by Simone de Beauvoir; the book the diplomat was thinking of, but had obviously never read, was Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China*, which for twenty-three years has been a textbook for students of Chinese Communism and still contains the best thumb-nail sketches of China's present leaders. As a very young journalist Snow spent four months in the Chinese Soviet around Yenan, and if only a few more people had heeded his book there would not have been so much surprise at, or ignorance of, the Communist revolution when it came.

Snow has now written a book about his life as a correspondent in Asia, war-time Russia, Europe and America, from his first arrival in China in 1928, just after the schism between the KMT and the Communist Party, up to the years of McCarthyism, the Korean War, and the new imperialisms of Washington and Moscow. Here are the same portraits – extended now to his heroes Gandhi, Nehru, Roosevelt, Litvinov, Madame Sun Yat-sen (there is a delightful picture of her choking over her tea at the vision of her brother-in-law, Chiang Kai-shek, as China's Gandhi) – the same superb reporting of a journalist who has watched with excitement the resurgence of India and China, and the same humanity and sympathy, as well as the frustrations and disillusions, of a man who has made a habit of writing wise and unpopular things. Critics of new China cannot be reminded too often of the incredible years of corruption and vice under the 'Soong Dynasty', and when the story comes from such a professional, who is also a humanitarian and, better still, an American, it is doubly valuable. He ends up with a climactic *cri de cœur*, a protest against American irrationality and a prayer for understanding.

If there is a vein of bitterness, it is only to be expected from a man who has been proved so often right, who can say 'I told you so' with so much justification and so little complacence, and it is for that reason that China, and all Asia for that matter, needs another book by Snow. If only he would, or rather could, go back and tell us how the Red Star is shining now!

Unhappily we have to rely on such people as

Mr Fox, who was a membes of a cultural delegation from Ireland, for an account of modern China. From the reception committee at Peking airport, when 'there was a flash of ivory teeth in yellow faces as they greeted the strangers who had dropped from the sky', through such profundities as 'an outstanding characteristic of the Chinese is their feeling for art' and 'the Chinese have achieved a marvellous dexterity with their chopsticks', to his final conclusion that 'China has broken free from the moorings that held her back for centuries and is now voyaging out', Mr Fox plods his dismal way. This sort of thing has all been done too often before.

David Barnett is another amateur, but not nearly such a naive one as Mr Fox. He spent six months in Siam and, through some pretty atrocious writing, he manages to give a better picture of a topsy-turvy country where lip-service to westernisation doesn't conceal terrible poverty and disease, than many more pretentious writers. Mr Barnett is aware of all the nest-feathering and abuse of foreign aid that goes on, and if only his potted accounts of Siamese politics, religion and culture were as well written as his description of a visit to an opium-smoking tribe in the northern jungle, his book would have been more articulate.

Norman Bartlett, however, is a professional – he was press secretary at the Australian embassy in Bangkok – and he really should have known better. I can't believe that Siam is half as dull as he makes it sound in *Land of the Lotus Eaters*. Into his account of the years he and his wife spent there he has crammed all the information (though no map) which a prospective tourist could need, and a lot that even a diplomat could do without, but despite all his talk about getting under the skin of the place he doesn't give a very clear idea of what that skin is like. Nor do the photographs, which the publishers claim as the author's own but which are all accredited to other people, offer much help. If other foreign diplomats in Asian countries are as obtuse as Mr Bartlett, then they had better all go home. I am now waiting for a book about Australia written by a Siamese.

For sheer, shameless pleasure Fitzroy Maclean is your man. Last year he took a trip to Russia, and on going in to dinner on his first evening at a Moscow hotel he was rebuffed at the dining-room door with the news that dinner was only being served to foreign delegations. 'I am,' he said without a moment's hesitation, 'the British Delegation' and five minutes later he was eating his way through the first of a long line of memorable meals. Delegations beset him, and later that first night his bedside telephone rang; it was a frantic Italian. 'What are you doing in Teresa's room?' 'That,' Sir Fitzroy replied with dignity, 'is nothing to do with you', and he disconnected the telephone.

With his relish for food and drink, his stylish disdain for bureaucratic obstacles (though he had to nobble Mr K. himself at a party for permission to go to Bokhara), his enviable knowledge of Russian, not to mention the pretty *sputnitsa*, or female sputnik, at his elbow, he is the perfect guide. And over the vodka and caviar and shashlik, he shares with us his surprise at the disappearance of the terror-stricken, cowering Russia he had known in 1938, and at the emergence of the new, worthy, optimistic, Victorian people he found twenty years later. In the last analysis 'Russia is still Russia, and communism still communism', but for an appraisal of the differences born both of the war and of the new Khrushchev era, we could have no more sanguine, or privileged, person from England.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON

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Patricia Highsmith. A new thriller by the author of *Strangers on a Train* and *Deep Water*. " Miss Highsmith writes so well . . . Queen of the suspense-land between novel and thriller."—MAURICE RICHARDSON, *Observer*. 16s.

An autumn preview of some important new books

ERIC AMBLER
Passage of Arms

ERSKINE CALDWELL
American Earth

RICHARD CHURCH
The Crab-Apple Tree

RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL
Lord Derby: " King of Lancashire "

SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Then and Now *Reissue*

MARY McCARTHY
The Stones of Florence

REGINALD POUND
Selfridge

MICHAEL REDGRAVE
The Mountebank's Tale

JOHN STEINBECK
Once there was a War

PETER USTINOV
Add a Dash of Pity

HEINEMANN

Inside the Outer Ring

Devils in Waiting. By MARY MOTLEY. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

Rocket Wife. By IRMGARD GROTTRUP. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

And the Bridge is Love. By ALMA MAHLER WERFEL. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Brought up in Bloomsbury. By POLLY HOBSON. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Exceptional people provide the inner ring of biography. They need not even stir. A Nightingale can lie on a couch for fifty years; a Brontë never go farther than the churchyard gate. Every move is a marvel. The outer circle, which is a good deal larger, is based on extraordinary happenings, parties, journeys, restless activities; the subjects of these, at the worst, are never at all in repose; they have no face. Now, while the autobiographies below are clearly of the second kind, they do observe a main rule of the first. The centre is fixed; it is in every case the author's distinctive and positive personality.

Devils in Waiting is a very good instance of all this. It is, you might say, about a newly married young Englishwoman in French Equatorial Africa, twenty years ago. The Count her husband, an uncompromising member of the old French aristocracy, is starting a term as Military Secretary to the Governor-General. As a young soldier he had actually *chosen* the unpopular Colonial Service. ('Tell me my dear, frankly. What has he done?' a sympathetic family friend inquired of his mother.) The author shared her husband's dislike of easy urban life and social occasions; 'the dark world of fetish', as she calls it, was far more to her taste – lepers, leopard-men and cannibals notwithstanding. Here and there the Englishwoman in her comes to the surface: in the long jungle walks, the work at the *Dispensaire,* the unlikely animals made into household pets.

But the interest of the book lies also in what the author does not say. The casual, rather throw-away voice provokes conjecture. The Count remains inscrutable; the devils remain in waiting. Turning to the jacket we find that the author is also the daughter of Clare Sheridan – a submerged or silent figure, one may have felt, in that magnificent lady's Odyssey. She has, this book suggests, a story of her own.

The author of *Rocket Wife* seems a likeable and civilised woman. It is hard to realise that she was a German who had lived in Germany – conformably, one must suppose – to the end of the War. Of all that she may have seen, known, felt in the Hitler days she says, unfortunately, nothing. Scientists' families must have been very efficiently insulated from the world. Helmut Gröttrup, her husband, was a leading rocket scientist in Peenemünde; after the defeat he was moved to Russia with his family to carry on his work. This is exactly what he did. Rocket-obsessed, he hardly noticed where he was or who were his employers. But the wives were in a different position. This interesting diary covers the years between 1946 and 1953.

> The familiar swish! from the test-stands is always swirling in my ears as it had done ever since 1939. . . . My ear became so trained to it that I was able to recognise the various stages of combustion, and was even able to tell if a test had been successful. Now I can hear the pleasant and regular sound again while I am weeding the garden. . . .

Such sounds, though, cannot fill the days. We follow her – grumbling, resourceful, unsubdued – through the drab and freezing winters, the pleasant springs. A gentle love-affair with a Russian official is severed by his sudden removal – where? Yet a resilient temper continues to carry her along. She had naturally resented the original move, but grew attached to Moscow; she resented a further move to a remote lake island near the source of the Volga, but came to find good in that too. And when the longed-for summons to return arrived at last, she was able to weigh up, quite fairly, what she and her husband and children had gained, in skills and in vision, from the years. This passage may have, by the way, a topical interest.

> One of Helmut's friends remarked: 'I rather doubt if the Russians will ever be any good at rocket construction.' From his own experience in Moscow, Helmut is convinced that they will: 'There is a wider and more sensitive interest among the Russian intelligentsia for the rocket than among the German upper class. . . . But for the general level of Russian applied sciences they would have been the first to get long-range missiles'.

Madame Alma Mahler Werfel has almost too much to offer. 'Few women,' runs the blurb, 'have ever become so deeply involved with so many famous men as this daughter of Emil Schindler, painter to the Austro-Hungarian Court.' I dare not think that anyone who turns the pages of *And the Bridge is Love,* in all their splendid unreticence, would even suggest a rival modern candidate. She was, when young, a composer of some ability herself, but this has little part in the saga. As a girl, she was married to Gustav Mahler, a difficult husband who died in 1904. Interim passages followed, notably a three-year union with jealous Oskar Kokoschka, who painted her to distraction. In 1915 she became the wife of Walter Gropius; Gropius she left a few years later to marry Franz Werfel (best known here, alas, for his *Song of Bernadette*). She remained with Werfel until his death, in Santa Barbara in 1945. But how can so bald a summary convey the dizzy sensation of the text? Much of it has the impact of an opera in full blast – rich, romantic, passionate, utterly confusing in plot, and in no way related to the lives of people so mere as the spell-bound onlookers.

After the flight from swastika-ridden Austria in 1938 to California, the legendary names (Rodin, Schnitzler, Schönberg, Debussy, Hauptmann, Freud) give place to others. It is wonderful to think that now, in New York, at the age of eighty, this incredible lady is living still.

Brought up in Bloomsbury is a schoolgirl's view of Bohemia – the Fitzroy area – just before the War. It is not made clear whether the book is fiction or autobiography; but on the whole it is so much like a dream – a daydream, about the sea-coasts of Old Bloomsbury – that I think it must be true. 'Joe', the heroine, a vicar's daughter, loses her parents when she is twelve. She is taken over – a solemn fat pale schoolgirl in a round felt hat – by her delicious aunt Pansy, living – yes! – in Percy Street with artist husband (not unlike the Laird in *Trilby*) and family friend the irresistible Mel. Round-eyed and stolid she settles into the kind and friendly menage. Pansy's baby looks awfully like Mel, to be sure. But bohemian *moeurs,* Joe is to find, are not approved in non-bohemian little girls – as we see when Mel, a few years later, undertakes (in a long nostalgic chapter) her deflowering, and the evidence is carelessly left around. The War, the WRNS, and a nice fiancé give Joe a new perspective on these educational years; and today, with Pansy a respectable matron, and herself conventionally married, she looks back with an odd sense of loss. 'Meet we no angels, Pansie?' as the poet said, more or less, in the heart of the *Oxford Book of English Verse.*

NAOMI LEWIS

Music Biographies

For her *Bizet and His World* (Secker & Warburg, 50s.) Mrs Curtiss has had access to a great deal of documentary material not hitherto available; and at least half of her book is made up of extracts from letters to and by Bizet and his relatives. Bizet was highly articulate, and his long letters read very well. One of the most interesting things to emerge is the pattern of his intense artistic involvement with Gounod – whose own letters show him in a very favourable light. The book is very much a 'Life and Times' and every encounter of Bizet's is made the occasion for a lengthy digression, which does not always make for easy reading; but it is an invaluable addition to our knowledge. Mr Sheean's popular biography of Verdi, *Orpheus at Eighty* (Cassell, 25s.), is a much tidier if less illuminating piece of work. It is written with affection, and the political background is filled in as skilfully as one might expect from a former foreign correspondent. There are even a few comments on the music.

In *Francis Poulenc* (Calder, 21s.), M. Henri Hell does at least place the music at the centre, though without shedding new light on it. He tells us something about Poulenc's working methods, and quite a lot about his capacity for self-criticism. When Poulenc himself cannot be quoted as finding one of his own works unsatisfactory, M. Hell is only too ready to step into the breach. There is some interesting incidental information – for instance concerning the part played in Poulenc's musical development by the great Landowska.

D. D.

The Party is Over

(Les Embuscades)

ROGER GRENIER

Translated by Edward Hyams

The excitement of the French Resistance, the exhilaration of revolution, the bitter disillusion afterwards—this novel captures it all.

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'Walter Clemons is a beautiful stylist. . . . Each story displays a fresh knowledge.' IRISH TIMES.

15s.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

I Forgot to Tell You

L. E. JONES

The author of *A Victorian Boyhood* ('the exceptional distinction with which he writes' SUNDAY TIMES) *An Edwardian Youth* ('A masterpiece' TIME & TIDE) and *Georgian Afternoon* ('writes quite superbly' SPECTATOR) has added a volume of random reminiscences and comments, written as beguilingly as before, and from the same highly individual viewpoint. *21s.*

THE Billsticker

MICHEL DEL CASTILLO

The author of *Tanguy* and *The Guitar* (described by the TABLET as 'a small perfect tragedy, very harrowing') writes here about the Spanish Civil War. He has a deep feeling for the contradictions of civil war, and vividly shows their effect on widely differing people. *16s.*

Sealed with a Loving Kiss

DAVID HUGHES

By the author of *A Feeling in the Air*, this is the story of two young people whose plunge into a manufactured love affair forces them to shed their illusions and to struggle towards true adulthood. *15s.*

Mother Was Always in Love

PHILIP VAN RENSSELAER

The career of a beautiful woman who trails her way from one affair and gilded playground to another, seen through the eyes of her son. *16s.*

HART-DAVIS

★ *Ready 8 October* ★

THE LIFE OF RONALD KNOX

by

Evelyn Waugh

Illustrated

30s. net

★

IN THREE TONGUES

by

Ronald Knox

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Occasional pieces in English, Greek and Latin, including satirical critiques of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Gertrude Stein, and, in verse, the famous '*Absolute and Abitofhell*'.

★

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'I don't know when I've got so completely lost in a novel and so enjoyed it as in *The Garlanded Lamb*; it has a rare quality, subtle, yet misleadingly simple in its expression. . . The joy of the book is that there are no recriminations, only a warm appreciation of people for what they are, and not as they ought to be.'

CHAPMAN & HALL

Books for Autumn

Parrish

by Mildred Savage. A powerful novel set in the tobacco plantations of the Connecticut River valley. *18s.*

The Ten Pains of Death

by Gavin Maxwell. Conditions of primitive squalor, destitution, oppression and hopelessness revealed in the autobiographies of a cross-section of the Sicilian people. *Illustrated. 30s.*

Devils in Waiting

by Mary Motley. A vivid account of the life of an English woman in the French Congo twenty years ago. *18s.*

For the Life of Me

by Robert Briscoe and Alden Hatch. The racy autobiography of the first Jewish Lord Mayor of Dublin. *21s.*

Let No Man Write My Epitaph

by Willard Motley. This novel is the sequel to *Knock on Any Door. 18s.*

Arabian Sands

by Wilfred Thesiger. An account of the Arabian Sands and its people, its tribal warfare and ancient history. A classic of Arabian travel literature. *Illustrated. 30s.*

The Valadon Story

by John Storm. The biography of Suzanne Valadon, mistress of Renoir, mother of Utrillo, and a great painter in her own right. *Illustrated. 21s.*

Collision Course

by Alvin Moscow. A brilliant and dramatic account of the collision between the two liners *Andrea Doria* and *Stockholm. Illustrated. 21s.*

The Red Rocks of Eddystone

by Fred Majdalany. The story of the four successive Eddystone Lighthouses—their hazardous building and early disasters. *Illustrated. 21s.*

1724

Published by
Longmans

A Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

The books listed below are a selection from those which publishers hope to issue between now and March, excluding reprints and children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced in our selected list last spring. Because of delays and uncertainties resulting from the recent printing dispute, some of the titles and prices can only be provisional.

Art and Architecture

Ludwig Baldass: Hieronymus Bosch. *Thames & Hudson.* 6 *gns.*
Kenneth Clark: Looking at Pictures. *Murray.* 35*s.*
John Golding: Cubism. *Faber.* 73*s.* 6*d.*
René Grousset: Chinese Art and Culture. *Deutsch.* 55*s.*
J. Lees-Milne: Baroque in Italy. *Batsford.* 35*s.*
Carl Linfert: Hieronymus Bosch. *Phaidon.* 18*s.* 6*d.*
S. E. Rasmussen: Experiencing Architecture. *Chapman & Hall.* 30*s.*
Michel Seuphor: A Dictionary of Modern Sculpture. *Zwemmer.* 90*s.*
Denys Sutton: Derain. *Phaidon.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography, Letters, Memoirs

Anon: Streetwalker. An Autobiographical Account. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Arthur Bryant: Triumph in the West (Alanbrooke Diaries). *Collins.* 30*s.*
Lovat Dickson: The Ante-Room. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*
Anthony Eden: Memoirs. *Cassell.* 35*s.*
André Gide and Edmund Gosse: Correspondence. *Owen.* 25*s.*
Paul Ignotus: Political Prisoner. *Routledge.* 16*s.*
Ivone Kirkpatrick: The Inner Circle. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*
Groucho Marx: Groucho and Me. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*
Gilbert Murray: An Unfinished Autobiography. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*
Barbara O'Brien: Operators and Things: Revelations of a Schizophrenic. *Elek.* 15*s.*
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Saint Girolamo Savonarola

'PRAISE be to God, now we can practise sodomy again!' So a Florentine magistrate exclaimed when Girolamo Savonarola had at last been burnt, with two other Dominican friars, in the Piazza della Signoria in 1498. And if the same cry of relief was not audible in the papal court, which had ordered the burning, no doubt it was uttered *in petto*. For the friar had indeed been a great nuisance to men of sophisticated tastes and pleasures. He had not been much for living and letting live; it was tiresome of him, in those demagogic sermons which were often like Punch-and-Judy shows, to rail so much at wedding-processions and *décolleté* dresses; and his own public bonfire in the same *piazza*, 'the burning of the vanities', when cosmetics, wigs, mirrors, dolls, playing-cards, lutes and other innocent objects had gone up in flames, had seemed to many as theatrical as any of the profanities he had condemned. Moreover, all these attacks on sodomy, clerical concubinage, traffic in benefices, all this harping on the poverty of Christ (a doctrine which the Pope had long ago condemned), could not but exasperate that decent, kindly old gentleman (as his latest English biographer portrays him) who happened to find himself Vicar of Christ: Rodrigo Borgia, Alexander VI. No wonder if, after four years of such rule, the Florentines had begun to regret the Medici and the Pope to wish an end of this turbulent priest. And so at last he had spoken out. The Friar, he said, must be killed, 'no matter if he were another John the Baptist'. If so, perhaps he would allow Florence to tax the clergy; if not, its commerce would be ruined by an Interdict. . . . Such arguments were irresistible: *Roma locuta est:* it was done.

It is easy to see Savonarola as the great puritan, the reactionary medieval friar, seeking, with the Bible and the *Summa* in his hands, to hold up the infidel hellenism of the Renaissance. In many ways he reminds us of our own puritans, with his intolerance of pleasure, his pulpit-buffoonery, his indecent familiarity with God, and his preference for the barbarous prophets of the Old Testament. No doubt many of his contemporaries saw him thus. But how many other sides there are to him! He could equally be seen as the quisling of Italy, the man who, in his sectarian zeal, did not hesitate to welcome the invaders of his country. Or he could be seen (as the Medici saw him, even a century after his death) as a dangerous social and political radical. Or, behind and above all this, we can see him, as he saw himself, as the reviver of primitive Christianity, the re-creator of Christian mysticism, the scourge and reformer of a corrupted Church.

Consider him as a quisling. 1494, the year when the Medici fell and Savonarola became the effective ruler of Florence, was the year of the French invasion of Italy, the beginning of all its woes; and Savonarola welcomed it. Again and again, in his sermons, he had prophesied that the wickedness of the Church would call upon Italy a great scourge, that the sword of the Lord would strike it suddenly and swiftly, that a king, like Cyrus, would come from beyond the mountains, and that gates would swing open, cities and castles surrender at his approach. Now, in 1494, he recognised Charles VIII of France as this new Cyrus, and with the flight of Piero de' Medici he became, for four years, the link between Florence and the invader. As long as France was feared in Italy, Savonarola was safe in Florence. It was the truce of 1497, dispersing that fear, which made possible his fall. By then his prophecies had failed, his supporters were disillusioned, and his enemies could close in. So began the counter-attack of his enemies, the Florentine *Signori*, the Medici, the Pope: a counter-attack which would culminate in the violent siege of his convent of San Marco, his capture, imprisonment, torture, martyrdom. In vain Savonarola appealed to the princes beyond the Alps, calling for a General Council against the Pope. It was a moment of peace, and this little local trouble was settled on a local, Italian basis.

So at least it can be argued; but the argument is more plausible now than then: for who, in the 1490s, had thought of the unity or nationality of Italy? Certainly not the Popes who, for the next sixty years, would call in one invader after another to ensure this or that duchy to their sons or nephews. At that time the great issues that stirred men in Italy were two. One was the freedom of the communes, sinking, one after another, into such private duchies. The other was the reform of the Church. Of both Savonarola lived the prophet and died the martyr.

Reform of the Church – for fifty years men had demanded it, and with what result? The Conciliar Movement had failed, every movement within the Church had failed, and the reason was now clear: the head was rotten. The vast papal court, with its suckers throughout Christendom, could never reform itself. It could never be reformed merely in Italy, in whose new princely courts its vested interests were so thickly concentrated. Even well-meaning Popes had found themselves imprisoned in the system. 'I tell you,' declared Savonarola, 'if St Peter himself came on earth now and wished to reform the Church, he could not: nay, he would put it to death.' Only from outside, it seemed, from the uncommitted Christian princes of Europe, could the Christian laity of Italy hope for effective support against the Pharaoh of Rome, his bought princes and his rotten clergy. Such princes might come as 'scourges': but they could be made scourges of God, provided the prophets of God were not dumb but preached, in season and out, the original Christian message, now obscured, the simple message of the Bible, the primitive, uncorrupted Christianity of 'the unforgettable century of the apostles'.

Savonarola was such a prophet. By his incessant preaching – 'when I do not preach,' he once said, 'I cannot live' – he created the mood of reform. He reformed his own convent by detaching it from a corrupted group (the Pope sought to disinfect it by submerging it again in another), practised a reformed life himself, spread, by precept and example, an infectious new habit of reform. All who came in touch with this intense spirit were affected by it. Pico della Mirandola, 'the phœnix among intellects', was Savonarola's lifelong admirer; Philippe de Commines and Marsilio Ficino were captivated by him; Botticelli put away his brush for grief at his death; Michelangelo still heard one of his sermons echoing in his ears, fifty years later, when he painted his Last Judgment; even the sceptical Machiavelli bowed before him: 'of so great a man,' he wrote, 'we must speak with reverence'; and the judicious Guicciardini, unable to decide, concluded that 'if he was a good man, we have seen in our time a great prophet; if bad, a very great man'.

Unfortunately Christian princes have a habit of letting down the prophets who call them in. The King of France let down Savonarola. After his death the Medici returned to Florence, the Borgias breathed again in Rome. His followers were dismayed. 'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets', was the text upon which one of them preached at Lucca. Then the Medici themselves netted the papacy and resolved to enjoy it. The defeat of Savonarola seemed final.

But no. A generation later, another party, still inside the Church, repeated his challenge. The 'Erasmians', that wonderful generation, were the heirs of Savonarola: of his biblicism, of his 'mental prayer', his oriental interests. His devotional writings, especially his *Miserere*, were their private reading. Read Marchese Ridolfi's classic life of Savonarola, now happily translated: he is the greatest of Savonarolan scholars, and we already owe much to him: this translation widens our debt*. Then read M. Bataillon's studies of the Spanish and Portuguese Erasmists, and their jubilation, in 1527, when they heard that their Christian Prince, Charles V, had sacked the Babylon on the Tiber and captured its infamous ruler. In that moment of 'Erasmian' triumph Savonarola lived again in Florence. The fall of the Medici Pope was the signal for the expulsion, once again, of the Medici duke; Savonarola's convent became once again the centre of government, his name inspired the struggle for freedom, and everyone declared 'that Fra Girolamo had been a saint and a prophet'.

It was in vain. Once again the Christian prince let down the prophets. Charles V proved no better than Charles VIII, and ended by restoring the Pope to Rome, his family to Florence. If the reformers were to succeed, they must try again. And, indeed, they were already trying. In Germany another friar, Martin Luther, was rousing other princes. Already he had republished Savonarola's *Miserere*. Soon Germany would produce the first biography of Savonarola. And when the Jesuits denounced Savonarola's works in Rome, Pope Paul IV would 'stamp his feet with indignation' and cry, 'Yes, yes indeed, this is another Martin Luther! His doctrine is deadly . . . it must be prohibited absolutely!' It was not entirely with-

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* *The Life of Girolamo Savonarola.* By ROBERTO RIDOLFI. Translated by CECIL GRAYSON. *Routledge.* 35s.

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out justification that the monument to Luther, set up in Worms in 1868, was made to include the figure of his predecessor, Savonarola.

But of course, like all the early reformers in that *querelle des moines* which began the Reformation, Savonarola had his Catholic disciples too. The Roman reformers, the crypto-Erasmists, read his works as they flowed from the printing-houses of liberal Venice, and the versions of his life which circulated in manuscript. Then, with the Counter-Reformation, Rome itself began to absorb him, as she absorbs so many of her critics, even those whom she has excommunicated and burnt. Those wonderful gastric juices can transform and digest almost anything, once it is safely dead. Only those who excommunicate her, or burn her bulls, are entirely indigestible. We have St Joan of Arc, St Thomas More: why should we not one day have St Desiderius Erasmus, St Girolamo Savonarola?

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Price of a Finger

Meeting with Japan. By FOSCO MARAINI. Trans. by ERIC MOSBACHER. *Hutchinson*. 42*s*.

During the Second World War Signor Maraini, with his wife and children, was interned in Japan. One day in July, 1944, when they and their fellow internees were on the verge of starvation, they protested against their treatment and were subjected to violent abuse by bullies in uniform. In exasperation he took up a chopper, chopped off one of his little fingers, and flung it at an odious police officer named Kasuya, whose white uniform was spattered with blood.

> This detail had a considerable degree of magic importance. By my action I had imposed upon him the necessity of purification, transferring all responsibility for the incident to him. Violence against oneself, shedding one's own blood, in extreme cases sacrificing one's life, is a demonstration to a superior of one's sincerity, and must be carried out with certain formalities – like duelling with us – if it is to carry conviction. Fortunately it had all passed off very well.

This bland comment is a measure of his success in understanding the Japanese, in ‘re-living from the inside’, as he puts it, a mental universe quite different from ours.

Signor Maraini had previously been teaching Italian in Kyoto, a city he deeply appreciates, for three years, and he has returned to Japan since the war. This handsome book, with more than 150 of his own photographs, is the first of a projected trilogy. His object is to interpret or explain, in terms of his own experience and learning, the most important elements in Japanese history – ‘politics, economics, religion, literature, the arts’. Of course, he cannot squeeze it all in, and there is some congestion at times of facts and details. But the range of his curiosity is admirable, and although a writer of less brilliance, he almost reminds one of Mr Patrick Leigh-Fermor, that master of the bravura digression. Here the digressions do not get into orbit with such a whizz; Signor Maraini exercises his learning less dashingly; yet he has something of the same power to relate people and places to the complexities that have gone to make them, and something of the same sensitiveness to language, to ‘the wealth of emotional and intellectual echoes’ a single word may carry.

Like anyone else who has thought twice, Signor Maraini sees the apparently contradictory elements in Japanese behaviour, the extremes of delicacy and ferocity, and gives some reasons for them. He is also, as an imaginative man, always conscious that what we think about the Japanese must be set against what the West looks like to the Far East. It was a Chinese, not a Japanese, whom he quotes as concluding that the peoples of the West, in spite of all their material progress, have learnt only four principles of conduct – ‘to be selfish, to kill others, to have little integrity, and to feel little shame’. In Japanese eyes we are apt to appear immoral and superstitious – ‘to say nothing of the fact that we stink, have clumsy hands and disgustingly big feet, enormous noses and dogs' eyes, and are entirely devoid of manners’.

Signor Maraini is not so blunt about the Japanese. He is bewitched by their ‘gay and irrepressible humanity’, by ‘a country of artists’, by their taste and appearance and traditions and manners, and by their ‘unquestionable’ equality or superiority, ‘whether in philosophy, religion, the arts, or ways of life’ – though not in science or music. Zen is for him one of the most original philosophies produced by any civilisation. A Western woman's neck is to him merely a support for the head; the necks of Japanese women have expressiveness, elegance, lightness and intelligence. And in a Japanese crowd it is easy to tell that everyone has ‘come straight from the honourable bath, after a light supper of cereals and herbs’, but in a Western crowd

> there are always too many people walking about with decomposing pieces of meat inside them; they form a kind of peripatetic animal cemetery.

Besides what the traveller sees, records, and thinks, the image of him that forms behind the alien eyes into which he looks is not to be forgotten. The image of Signor Maraini behind Japanese eyes can hardly be wholly unfavourable: he knows them, he loves them, he can't take his eyes off them. And if he makes too little of urban poverty, squalor and degradation, of overcrowding, of ugliness, and of traits and acts that seem to many in the West so vile as to be unforgivable as well as inexplicable, it is because he is utterly enchanted with much that is uniquely pleasing and that has survived the attentions of applied science from the West – at Hiroshima, for example.

WILLIAM PLOMER

The Founding Mothers

Madame Blavatsky. By JOHN SYMONDS. *Odhams*. 21*s*.

Christian Science Today. By CHARLES S BRADEN. *Allen & Unwin*. 30*s*.

Immortal longings and oral cravings go together. That must be why occultists are so greedy. Mme Blavatsky weighed seventeen stone, ate like a cormorant, smoked a pound of Turkish tobacco, with or without hashish, in a day. The subject of Mr Symonds's previous biography, Aleister Crowley, had a capacity for the richest food, the strongest drink, the blackest cigars, the most dangerous drugs, which was truly astonishing. Both seem to have been physically overendowed and to have carried correspondingly top-heavy temperamental loads. There may be other resemblances, but H.P.B., as her disciples called her, is a far more fascinating and significant figure than A.C. with his rather egregiously cultivated eccentricities and shock-tricks. She was one of history's originals and the leader of an interesting splinter group of nineteenth-century progressivism. Mr Symonds has written a lively and readable book about her from his own oblique angle somewhere between irony and sensationalism, scepticism and the wish to believe. He may not evaluate the full significance of the Theosophical Society but he provides excellent entertainment.

Information about H.P.B.'s early years is tantalisingly sparse. It seems to be established that she was born in 1831, that her father was Colonel Peter Hahn de Rottenstein of a Mecklenburg family that moved to Russia, and that her mother was a daughter of Princess Helen of Dolgourouki, that she married when she was seventeen a much older man, Councillor of State Nicephor Blavatsky, and left him after a few months. Then comes the gap of twenty-seven intensive *wanderjahre*. She was supposed to have lived in Tibet and fought with Garibaldi at the battle of Mentana. There is no confirmation for either of these exploits, though the two currents of militant liberalism and oriental mysticism which they express were both represented in the aims of Theosophical Society. In 1873 she arrived in New York and from then until her death in London on 8 May 1891—still celebrated by Theosophists, of whom there were estimated to have been more than a hundred thousand between the wars, as White Lotus Day—there is plenty of fact as well as fantasy.

This is the point where biographers take up her story, at her meeting with Colonel Olcott, the free-thinking cosmopolitan American lawyer who was one of the founders of the Theosophical Society and H.P.B.'s principal disciple and global impresario. The strange 'chummy' relationship between the amiable infinitely gullible bearded colonel and the gruff brooding East European mystagogue, one of those overpowering, pop-eyed, bulldog-faced women who are both more feminine and more masculine than the norm, provides Mr Symonds with some of his nicest set pieces. They met in Vermont investigating the spiritualist phenomena being produced by the brothers Eddy. Blavatsky was herself a brilliant medium with more than all the necessary showmanship and sleight of hand; the phenomena began to take on a distinctly Slavonic character. Some of the richest comedy happened later on the visit to India to reintroduce theosophy to the land of its birth, which was not as receptive as it might have been. This was after H.P.B. had compiled her unreadable magnum opus *Isis Unveiled*, one of those benevolent paranoid compendia of the mysteries of science and theology, ancient and modern, which, with characteristic talent for myth-making, she embellished with Hidden Masters, such as Koot Hoomi, still living in remote places.

In his zest for the grotesque Mr Symonds underestimates the philanthropic social-reformist current in theosophy, which was one of the features that attracted Mrs Annie Besant. As Arthur Calder-Marshall has pointed out, his account of her conversion to theosophy is misleading. Blavatsky, with typical occultist double-bluff (*cf.* Sludge), told Mrs Besant that investigators had declared her a fraud. He does not attempt to tease out the pattern, which is always so fascinating in the great charlatans, of conscious self-deception and fraud in the service of a cause. He adopts a carefully chosen dead-pan attitude that can amuse connoisseurs of the curious without offending believers. Reading between the lines, it seems to mask a curious oscillation between credulity and incredulity. Yet his laconic flirtatious approach, like some quasi-occultist John Brown, to the great White Lotus's throne, is oddly effective. It helps to build up a portrait of her by implication at one remove, so that although you seldom meet her face to face you can often hear her wheezing and cursing in the next room. He really should carry on the

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story of the Theosophical Society after her death. The more than fantastic Dr Leadbeater and the schism he produced make a rich postcript.

A meeting between the asthenic Mrs Eddy and the viscerotonic H.P.B. would have been something like the awesome encounter between Mrs Knox and Lady Knox in *The Irish R.M.* The title of Mr Barden's long book suggests that he might be going to solve for us the contradiction between reason and unreason inside the organised body of Christian Science: how, for instance, so immaterial a doctrine can sponsor so commonsensical a newspaper as *The Christian Science Monitor.* But the exegetical technicalities involved, the schisms of the New Thought movement on one hand and Unity on the other, make rather dry reading—though Mr Barden, no Christian Scientist, can crack a neat joke as when he outlines the danger of a new group with the slogan War is Peace! They do, however, entail frequent reference back to life of the founder, enough to constitute a new biography. Two features particularly impressed me. One is the figure of Phineas Quimby who imparted to Mrs Eddy his secret of healing as practised by Jesus: taking the patient's ills upon himself and then throwing them off. The other is the extent to which Mrs Eddy borrowed from Hegel. The thought that the craggy genius of Stuttgart helped to beget the Church of Christ Scientist as well as dialectical materialism and the Prussian State is one for the pillow book.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

France by Albert Guérard (70s.) and *Italy* by Denis Mack Smith (60s.) are volumes in the University of Michigan History of the Modern World, published here by Mayflower.

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How They Voted

Elections and Party Management. By H. J. HANHAM. *Longmans.* 50*s.*

Readers who turn to this book for guidance on how the coming election will go, or agents who search it for hints about devices which have proved profitable in the past, will both be disappointed. For it deals with the period between the two Reform Acts of 1867 (which enfranchised the town workers and the small tradesmen) and of 1884 (which enfranchised the rural workers), and the differences from today are so great that electorally it is another world – a better, if a less entertaining one. Mr Hanham writes in great detail, and with great erudition, about the mechanics of election-winning in the days of Disraeli and Gladstone; he deals with nothing else and his chapter (for example) on 'working-class Radicalism' discusses exclusively the not very exciting or important story of the Reform League run by Edmond Beales and George Howell, and hardly refers to working-class Radical thought, which was a most powerful force in the Victorian Age.

His account shows how much slower than is generally imagined was the shift in power and personnel from the aristocracy to the employers and merchants in the nineteenth century. The county constituencies in England remained as much appanages of the big landlords as they had been before 1832. The tenants voted automatically as the estate-owner wished (or, rather, as the estate-agent indicated). There was no force used – evictions on political grounds were rare – and if they were not given direct instructions, farmers would go to some trouble to find out what would be agreeable. The same was true of many boroughs, such as Aylesbury, whose boundaries were so drawn as to include many square miles of countryside. One is surprised to find almost the same thing true of large towns; employers were able to deliver 'their' voters at the poll with as great certainty as the landlords. The LNWR was Conservative, under its 'despotic' chairman, Sir R. Moon; it turned the Liberals out of Crewe town council and took it for the Tories. Laird, the shipbuilder, held Birkenhead as a matter of course.

Party management, in the earlier years, was therefore largely a question of the conciliation of local magnates; much of Mr Hanham's book reads like some of the more detailed studies of the eighteenth century. It is only with the disastrous and unexpected defeat of the Liberals in 1874 that modern methods begin to appear. Birmingham, led by Joseph Chamberlain, had already taken the Liberal leadership from Manchester, and the Birmingham Radicals were exasperated as much by the feebleness of the central party organisation as by its political moderation. Liberal Associations were reconstructed all over the country and in 1877 were united in a National Liberal Federation. They were based on wards or polling districts, and were in theory democratic; but the reluctance of Liberals to attend ward meetings meant that in fact the parties were run by a hierarchy of committee-men and local officials. The result was a thundering defeat of the Conservatives in 1880. Now that its leaders were in power, the Federation turned its attention to keeping the MPs in line: 'A mere telegram from the bigwigs of the Caucus was enough to set the Associations in motion throughout the country, and the lion growled, screamed, or roared, with pleasure or anger, as occasion required'. Soon the easy-going habits of MPs of voting or speaking as they pleased began to disappear. When the Conservatives imitated the Caucus organisation another long step had been taken towards the modern Parliament.

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New Novels

The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner. By ALAN SILLITOE. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

My Friend Judas. By ANDREW SINCLAIR. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Mother was Always in Love. By PHILIP VAN RENSSELAER. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

The Billsticker. By MICHEL DEL CASTILLO. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

The Sun is Dead. By IAN RODGER. *Hutchinson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The true Outsider, the problem Outsider, is not one by choice but by nature. He is not whooping and howling and kicking for the fun of it while the fun lasts, knowing that in the end he will become very much like his despised seniors with a hatful of moral indignation and an air-cushion beneath him. He is the absolute irreconcilable, for whom the threat of society is simple: Borstal, clink, the rope. Mr Sillitoe's delinquent regards the prison governor coldly and accepts all three: 'Admitted, we're both cunning, but I'm more cunning, and I'll win in the end even if I die in gaol at eighty-two, because I'll have more fun and fire out of my life than he'll ever get out of his'. This particular outsider, or anti-hero, is a fine runner. The governor puts him in for the Borstal Blue Ribbon Prize Cup, hoping it will give him something to feel proud about. When the great day comes, the boy deliberately loses the race, though it means practically sitting down for an hour in view of the tape in order to do so. Because he is going to do nothing for *Them. They* are the enemies. To defy Them means Borstal, clink, the rope – all right: with the pride of hate, he accepts the lot.

This is the title-story of Mr Sillitoe's fine collection. While I was reading it I felt a sense of absolute trust. Smith the runner, Frankie Bullock, the wild man tamed by shock therapy, Jim Scarfedale, driven into piffling sexual crime by his beastly mother and wife – they are the Outsiders to worry about. Mr Sillitoe is highly gifted technically: he is an excellent story-teller, and his style is perfectly adapted to his subject-matter; he has literary tact and a sense of design. And he is able to bring all this to the study of a section of society which has to be known at first-hand to be understood. All the imaginative sympathy in the world can't fake this kind of thing. It must have been lived in, seen, touched, smelled: and we are lucky to have a writer who has come out of it knowing the truth, and having the skill to turn that truth into art.

After this, Mr Andrew Sinclair's prancing and jodelling comes as a let-down. *My Friend Judas* is, in a sense, a histrionic novel, as so many of Joyce Cary's were: Mr Sinclair is portraying a grammar-school Beat at Cambridge. Now Cary wasn't an old bag who posed in the nude, or an Interferer in parks, or a Gulley Jimson; but he had the skill to make one believe in his protean acts. Nothing can flop more heavily than unsuccessful literary histrionics, and the part of Ben Birt wasn't safe in the hands of Mr Sinclair. Ben yells away in a fashionable but not quite fully assimilated lingo, is done down by his posh friend and his horrid girl, sent down for a blasphemous poem in *Effete* (he was framed, he only wrote two verses of it, he is innocent really), and comes down on the right side in the end – 'Me, I'm turning moral in my youth. They've spoiled me in the Fens for easy lays and any-old-hows'. It is really a very sentimental novel after all, despite the noise, and the curious habit of setting out dialogue as if it were *vers libre*, which merely serves to distract the reader's attention just when it shouldn't be distracted. There is no doubt that Mr Sinclair is rather fun, hugely energetic, and has lots more to say; but he is pounding quite the wrong Beat this time.

Mr Sillitoe has cast his shadow deeply this week, making me feel rather guilty about enjoying, mildly, *Mother was Always in Love*, which is dedicated to Miss Barbara Hutton. It is a trivial and pretty worn old plot: beautiful Mummy, so innocent at heart, so very un-innocent everywhere else, trails round the lovely rich places in the lovely (for her) Thirties, with one man after another, her efforts to find love frustrated by a hideous protector who manages to scuttle the particular Dreamboat every time. The story is told by her amiable adolescent son, who, unlike the Beats, but not unlike Mr Sillitoe's Outsider, has a total lack of moral sense. What is there so engaging, then, about this frivolous and untimely little novel? Nice irony, a nice literary personality, and a delightful descriptive gift. That's all, but it gives pleasure.

The Billsticker is a grim novel by a Spaniard, who was only three years old in 1936, about the Civil War. The hero, born into a life of brutal poverty, is basically a-political but is drawn into the struggle and disillusioned when the Party turns against a young aristocrat who has sided with the Republic. It is very difficult to criticise, from a distance, the moral standpoint of a man whose parents, if not himself, were actually involved in the Spanish tragedy. But I am uneasy when Right and Left are equated wholly because of the brutalities on both sides. No one denies them. But it still seems to me that *primary intention* is of the utmost importance. Stalin and the trials, the labour-camps: Hitler and the gas-chambers. No difference? For me there is. One would like to make no choices, but choice is forced upon us, in this world, and if we are driven back upon the intention, then that must be the touchstone. Men being as they are in war and revolution, there is little else to go on.

Ian Rodger is an accomplished poet who has spent some time in Scandinavia. *The Sun is Dead* tells of a group of people in the Swedish Arctic who, trying to escape from a neat civilisation and the prison of arctic winter, go up to a mountain chalet for a week-end jag. It ends in tragedy, silly, wild, unnecessary tragedy: and if it teaches them something, as Mr Rodger implies, the lesson has come rather too late. Good, claustrophobic atmosphere, something interesting about people living in a cut-and-dried civilisation, something much more interesting about people living for the best part of the year in the dark. I have always suspected meteorological misery rather than civilisation to be the villain of the Swedish piece.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Recent Pelicans include *The Psychology of Thinking*, by Robert Thomson (3s. 6d.), *The Prehistory of Southern Africa*, by J. Desmond Clark (6s.) and *The Face of the Earth*, by G. H. Dury (5s.). *The Narrative Poems* has been added to The Penguin Shakespeare (2s. 6d.); and Eric Linklater's *Magnus Merriman* appears as a Penguin (3s. 6d.).

Original Mission

Speak You So Gently. By KYLIE TENNANT
Gollancz. 18*s*.

A few weeks ago Mr Cyril Connolly patronisingly complained that he was tired of miserable Australian books, full of whining self-pity. The comment was ill-tempered and unfair, and I hope he reads this cheerful book as a corrective. For Miss Tennant, a novelist of some distinction, has written a strangely engaging account of what, by London literary standards, is undoubtedly a downbeat problem – an Anglican mission to Australian aborigines.

I must confess that I was almost deterred from reading it by the first words of the blurb on the jacket. Explaining that it is an Eskimo custom for a man to lend his wife to a friend who is going on a long sled journey, it announces:

> Kylie Tennant was lent by her husband to the Reverend Alfred Clint, not to care for his physical well-being but to write articles and letters about his work among the Australian aborigines, and so help to make it better known among people who might be able to help with money or services or influence government quarters.

This, as the *New Yorker* might classify it, is an excellent example of Blurbs We Never Finished Reading – especially when a hasty glance at the first few pages reveals that the Reverend Alfred Clint's speciality is organising co-operatives among primitive peoples. I regret my scepticism; Miss Tennant has written a remarkable book. I do not know whether it will help either the missionaries, who need money and technically trained assistance, or the aborigines, who need

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the simple guidance these dedicated people contrive to give them under most difficult conditions. But she has persuaded me, and I hope she has convinced those who matter.

Alf Clint seems to be one of those democratic priests who have cropped up at the fringes of the radical movements of the last 500 years – a Christian Socialist, selfless, fraternal in the best sense, courageous, a character out of *A Dream of John Ball*. Invalided from New Guinea, he returned to the Lockhart River Mission at the tip of Queensland to organise the first co-operative for aborigines in Australia. With him to Lockhart – and afterwards to the islands of the Torres Straits – went Miss Tennant, to help both with the publicity needed for the endless effort to raise just a little more money and with practical work in the co-operative. Missionary stories are often a catalogue of attempts to do too much with too little, because missionaries of this kind only get a clear run in places where too much has to be done because no one else will do anything. But this is a catalogue with a difference. Despite the poverty, illiteracy and disease among these aborigines, despite the vast difficulty of communications – the mere effort to get to Lockhart would be enough to make Mr Connolly write a miserable book – and the shortage of every necessity from food and drugs to building materials, something important is being done at Lockhart by a group of people who have stopped talking about the Aboriginal Problem and have got down to cases.

True, this is happening in what is literally a backwater of modern society. True, modern society is reaching out even to the tip of Cape York to drag the aborigines into its maw of wage-labour; as the co-operative takes its first steps to solvency and self-respect, the geologists from the mining companies arrive in their jeeps carrying their geiger-counters. It may be too late for Alf Clint's solution. It may be, anyway, that it can only work with capital subsidies from outside. But what makes this book so moving is not a matter of economics, or anthropology, or even charity: it is its demonstration of fraternity. That is such a rare quality that its presence, in such a man as the Reverend Alfred Clint, dignifies us all.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Art Round-up

Painting in Eighteenth-Century Venice (Phaidon, 32s. 6d.) requires rather special treatment. Unlike our forefathers, we do not love the luxury of art for its own sake; it is no wonder that the National Gallery is without a considerable Tiepolo. Michael Levey provides just the book that was wanted. He combines the sharpness of tone with which art-historians warn one another that they mean business with a manner that is appropriately conversational and gay. His book is not only exact and judicious but positively enjoyable; puritanism melts before it. The English decorative triumphs rarely look their best in books; more works on furniture gather dust than on any other art. Peter Ward-Jackson's *English Furniture Designs of the Eighteenth Century* (as elegant a book as the Stationery Office ever put out, 3 gns) is by contrast a delight. The designs lie well on paper; they look more like furniture than any photograph. Indeed, with their villainous perspective, they strangely evoke the wide yet wary stance and the thoroughbred awareness of these lustrous, intelligent-seeming domestic creatures. (No English achievement, surely, is more like classic art, and none so reconciles one to the foreignness of Tiepolo.) This admirable book has both an historical introduction and a reasoned bibliography of design-books, published and unpublished; it was much needed.

The Discovery of Art by René Huyghe (Thames & Hudson, 4 gns), though not for the poor man, is middle-income Malraux. To make four hundred pages of generalities stick requires a hypnotic kind of genius. The hypnotic make-up is here (the eyes of Leonardo and the hands from Frans Hals always help) but the text itself is conventional. The academic French view is a partial one. When, for example, art is being considered as an accommodation with a hostile environment and a number of dull critics are passed in review, it is odd that the name of Worringer never appears at all. Not even Rouault's colour is so uniformly intense as to justify the pungent Skira reproductions. But, if the convention is accepted, the recent issue on *Rouault* in the square Pocket Series (Zwemmer, 45s.) is excellent. The Fauve period gets a third of the plates, which is no more than just and L. Venturi's text, which deals well with the neo-Catholicism of Rouault's time, has a good aphorism: 'Léon Bloy stood not for Christian civilisation but for Christian barbarism'.

The fair standard of comparison for books like *The Prado* (by its Director, F. Sanchez Canton; Thames & Hudson, 28s.) is their predecessors, the souvenir albums published from Munich thirty years or so ago, and measured by this the gain is immense. The plates are not uniformly good—economically, they cannot be. But most returning visitors will be thankful for them, and as usual there are a few plates of serious value, among them the tiny Greco sketch of the Annunciation which is preserved nearly full-size and wonderfully alive in the book.

L.G.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,545 **Set by Tadpole**

Competitors are invited to produce an extract from the stream of consciousness of a Parliamentary candidate during the chairman's opening remarks at a public meeting. Limit, 150 words; entries by 13 October.

Result of No. 1,542 **Set by John Mander**

The usual prizes are offered for the best versions of the following squibs, chosen from the great number of *Xenien* composed by Goethe and Schiller at the expense of their contemporaries.

Kant and his Exegetes
Wie doch ein einziger Reicher so viele Bettler in Nahrung
Setzt! Wenn die Könige baun, haben die Kärrner zu tun.

Love among the Pedagogues
Was das entsetzlichste sei von allen entsetzlichen Dingen?
Ein Pedant, den es jückt, locker und lose zu sein

To a Contemporary Thinker
Steil wohl ist er, der Weg zur Wahrheit, und schlüpfrig zu steigen,
Aber wir legen ihn doch nicht gern auf Eseln zurück.

Of Certain Philosophers
Ist denn die Wahrheit ein Zwiebel, von dem man die Häute nur abschält?
Was ihr hinein nicht gelegt, ziehet ihr nimmer heraus.

Entries to be in verse form.

Report

Apologies are due to competitors for no less than three barbarous misprimts (*jückt* is, however, Goethe's spelling. And I must reassure Barbara Roe who asks 'Is there anything significant about the masculine onion?' that the answer is No: Schiller's Swabian dialect and the exigencies of the metre must be held responsible). These mutilations of the German language did not, however, prevent competitors from turning out in full force. There were even two attempts to involve the sages of Weimar in the present General Election, R. A. McKenzie's version of 'To a Contemporary Thinker' –

> The way to Truth is steep and leads to glory
> So who would ride there on a shackled Tory?

and J. A. Lindon's ingenious

> Good democrats don't try to skin their neighbours:
> Your pulled-out plums are only put-in Labours.

But I'm afraid this was not quite what I meant when I asked competitors to translate the *Xenien*. And good as they were at catching the drift of the originals, they were not nearly so successful in hitting off the tone – sophisticated and urbane, very eighteenth-century. I was disappointed too that so few competitors attempted to reproduce the elegiac couplet. But perhaps the necessary punch can only be got in English by the use of rhyme. (Hexameters notoriously fail to come off with us; what have we but *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* to set against Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*?) Two guineas to Allan M. Laing for the best set of three translations, and half a guinea for each of the other versions printed.

KANT AND HIS EXEGETES

How many beggars one rich man supports!
Workmen are busy when kings build new courts.
ALLAN M. LAING

Like maggots that crawl on the good meat unbidden
The scavengers scratch at the nobleman's midden.
JOHN WELCH

See how one single wealthy man gives all those beggars food!
When emperors are building, the carriers' trade is good.
SYLVIA CLAYTON

See how a single man with riches
Keeps beggar hordes in food and breeches!
'Tis true that when our monarchs build
The draymen's order books are filled.
R. A. ATCHERLEY

So many beggars one rich man can nourish!
When kings build palaces, the carters flourish.
RUSHWORTH FOGG

LOVE AMONG THE PEDAGOGUES

The final figure of horror, from the Chamber of Horrors drawn,
Is an elephantine Pedant, determined to dance like a fawn!
LITTLE BILLEE

What's the most abject sight the whole world over?
A prig aspiring to be Casanova.
A. J. RYDER

TO A CONTEMPORARY THINKER

For truth one climbs high by a slippery track;
But who cares to do it on some donkey's back?
ALLAN M. LAING

The road is steep that leads to TRUTH, with many a slip and slide,
But he who seeks Her is not bound to take an ASS for guide!
A. M. ROBERTSON

OF CERTAIN PHILOSOPHERS

Is truth like an onion – just skin beneath skin?
You'll never get out what you didn't put in.
ALLAN M. LAING

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The Chess Board

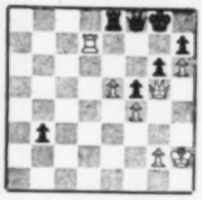
No. 514. Wisdom of Limitation

Many years ago in the old City of London Club one of the strongest players was noted for his curiously limited choice of openings. His name was Walker, but his style was anything but pedestrian, even though, with White and Black alike, he invariably played, Kt-KB3, P-KKt3, B-Kt2 and O-O in his first four moves. In those days the King's Indian wasn't as popular as it now is, but even so there was little to be said against the soundness of Walker's policy and his equally sound reasoning, that being an elderly man and short of time, he couldn't possibly cope with the ever more widening and deepening complexity of a more variegated opening repertoire. That was about 25 years ago and, meanwhile, what with M.C.O. just about doubled in size, anyone who cannot devote more than a fraction of his time to the game will find it more and more impossible to maintain some up-to-date erudition in opening theory. Hence, Harry Golombek's new book *Modern Opening Chess Strategy* sets out to help him. (*MacGibbon & Kee, 25s.*) While not quite as ruthlessly selective as old Walker, deliberately strict limitation is the object of the book confined to the more important lines of the more important opening systems. Golombek primarily deals with the Ruy, the Sicilian, the English, as well as the Indian and other important systems of Q-side openings: and rather than burdening the reader with an overdose of variations he explains the points that matter in the basic ideas of the various systems, and usually adds a well-chosen and annotated illustrative game. In the section on half-open defences I looked at Harry's very own Caro-Kann which some of us begin to call Caro-Golombek. By way of an illustrative game and with quite a few of his own triumphs to pick from, the author preferred the one in which he came a cropper against Smyslov who duly punished him for a rather too passive 4th move.

(1) P-K4, P-QB3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-Q4; (3) Kt-KB3, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-Q2?; (5) B-B4, KKt-B3; (6) Kt(4)-Kt5, P-K3; (7) Q-K2 [with the threat of Kt x BP], Kt-Q4; (8) P-Q4, P-KR3; (9) Kt-K4, B-K2; (10) O-O, Q-B2; (11) B-Kt3, O-O; (12) P-B4, Kt (Q4)-B3 (13) B-B2, R-Q1; (14) Kt-B3! [Preventing the relief of . . . P-B4 on account of the threat (15) Kt-QKt5, followed by B-B4], B-Q3; (15) R-K1, B-B5; (16) Kt-K5!, B x B; (17) QR x B, Kt-B1; (18) QR-Q1, B-Q2; (19) P-B5, Kt-Q4; (20) Kt-K4, B-K1; (21) Kt-Q6, P-QKt3; (22) Q-B3, QR-Kt1; (23) Kt(K5)-B4, P x P; (24) P x P, Kt-Q2; (25) Q-K4, Kt (Q2)-B3; (26) Q-Q4, Kt-Q2; (27) P-QR3, Kt-B1; (28) P-QKt4, Kt-K2; (29) Q-Kt4, P-B4; (30) Q-Kt3, Kt-Q4; (31) Kt-R5, B-R4; (32) R-QB1, P-B5; (33) Q-R4, B-K1; (34) B-R4 and soon won.

In so deliberately limited a book it would be churlish to quarrel with the author's omission of this or that interesting line. To prove this particular pudding to be nutritious one just has to go ahead and eat it, and I do think that a bottom-board player will find himself quite a few boards up after conscientiously ploughing through this book.

A: H. Golombek 1953



Since Golombek likes telling stories against himself he should be pleased to be reminded how, after (1) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (2) R-QKt7 he promptly resigned. What chance had he missed of reversing his fortunes? With this as the 4-pointer for beginners, **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) shouldn't be too difficult either. They're both quite witty and both wins.

B: A. O. Herbstmann, 1935: /16/5P1P/4P3/3p1q2/3bkt2K/3k1Kt2/7Q/.

C: N. Grigoriev, 1928: /16/1p6/16/6P1/k1K5/8/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 12 October.

REPORT on No. 513. Set 12 September

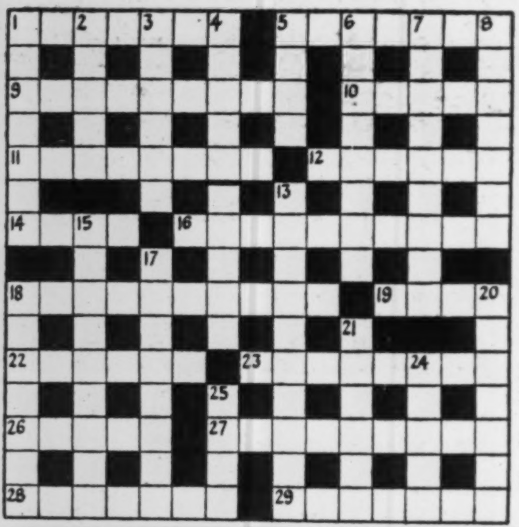
A: (1) . . . Q-B8 ch; (2) B-Kt1, Q-B6 ch!!; (3) BxQ, BxB mate.
B: (1) P-K6. Kt-B4 ch; (2) K-K2, KtxP; (3) K-B1, P-R7; (4) Kt-K2 ch, K-R6 (B6); (5) Kt-Kt1 ch and draws by perpetual.
C: (1) P-Kt6, B-Kt1 ch; (2) K-B5, Kt-B5; (3) P-R6, KtxP ch; (4) K-Kt5!, Kt-Q4!; (5) P-R7, B-R5 ch!; (6) KxB, KtxB; (7) P-R8 (Q), P=Q; (8) K-Kt5 ch, Kt-R2 ch; (9) K-R6!, QxQ; (10) P-Kt7!! and draws.

Not so easy. Prizes: C. Allen, W. H. L. Brooking, W. T. Maccall, A. J. Roycroft, A. J. Sobey.

Assiac

Election Crossword: 373

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 373, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 13 Oct.



ACROSS

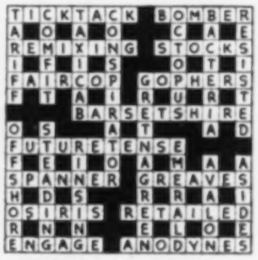
1. The cartoonist pursues backward legislation as a bird (7).
5. Medium transport (7).
9. I list more changes although this is how all parties might describe their creeds (9).
10. Good shot which would give heart to those elected (5).
11. The communist is after a means of shaping those who are ready to shave (8).
12. Putting in a request as a Labour member (6).
14. A politician would make this playwright cross (4).
16. Assembly of human beings in partial confusion (10).
18. Independent, but angry with the legal body (10).
19. Means of getting in when one is an ex-minister (4).
22. Minister as a servant (6).
23. Gift for putting party before country (8).
26. There are no votes in favour in recesses (5).
27. Parliamentary procedure when there are possibly ten men about to perform (9).
28. The reward of merit or the result of the cloudless weather? (7).
29. He has 5 and must be 21 (7).

DOWN

1. Trials of a politician in business (7).
2. Distribute the conclusion of the voting (5).
3. The MP's christian name could make one ill (6).
4. Make the Whip repeat a government statement (5, 5).
5. 'To hunt, and ———, and raise the price of corn?' (Byron) (4).
6. The politician to welcome false pretences (8).
7. Small body with a large number of members (9).
8. Writer who puts the majority of men on the tory side (7).
13. The voters have to choose and there is nothing to evaluate (10).
15. A party with different points in the selection of candidates (9).
17. Associate in office (8).
18. A final alteration has made the government shut up (7).
20. Politician who conceals treason (7).
21. Labour's stronghold (6).
24. Disinclined to act in the finer traditions of politics (5).
25. The divinity makes a possible cause of tory defeat turn up (4).

Set-square

Solution to No. 371



Prizewinners to No. 371

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Norman C. Wormleighton (Tunbridge Wells)
M. Collins (N. Wembley)

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

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LABOUR Monthly. Election Battle, R. P. Dutt; G. F. Dutch; Tom Vernon; China's Tenth Year, Wm Gallacher, J. R. A. Machen. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly (post free) from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

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ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

RESEARCH SCHOLARSHIPS

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from postgraduate students with capacity for research for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, including Oceanic Linguistics, Demography, Economics, including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Modern History (particularly in the fields of Australia and the British Commonwealth), Far Eastern History (China and Japan),* Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science including Public Administration, Philosophy, Political and Social Philosophy and Statistics including Mathematical Statistics. (*A substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a prerequisite.) The scholarships are tenable for an initial period of two years and may be extended for a third year. Scholars are expected to enrol for a Ph.D. degree. The present value of a scholarship is £A865 per annum. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted an additional allowance of £A225 per annum in respect of the first child and a further £A75 per annum for each other child. A grant will be made towards a scholar's fares to and from Canberra at the commencement and expiration of his scholarship. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned,** to whom applications should be submitted, or from the Secretary, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The University regularly considers applications in June and November, but special consideration may be given to applications at other times. Scholarships may be taken up at any time after award, including vacation periods. **R. A. Hohnen, Registrar, Box 4, GPO, Canberra, ACT.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

LIGHT sgle attic-flat, own kit., share bath 1 other. 3½ gns. PUT. 6615.

25s. p.w. Large, pleasant b/s., share bath 1 other, in return occasional babysitting. PUTney 6615.

W. HAMPSTEAD. Sunny sgle room, all facs. Young people's house. 57s. 6d. p.w. 'Phone SWI. 3099 mornings & evenings.

GRADS. mid-20s seek 3rd girl for Holland Park flat. Own room, rent reasonable. PAR. 7872 before 9.30 a.m. or evgs.

CHARMINGLY furnished maisonette, self-contained flat, to let in historic house, W1. Can be shared. Tel.: MUS. 8565.

HIGHGATE. Flat beaut. furn. 1 pers. Own kit., bathrm. 90s. wk. MOU 5196 aft. 6.

MAIDA Vale. Single b/s. Use bathrm, kit., c.h.w., linen, phone, etc. Box 11197.

HAMPSTEAD. Furnished 2-room flat, kitchen, bath (constant hot water). Own 'phone. Good address, nr all Finchley Rd buses, 6 mins to Heath. £6 10s. HAM. 7428.

PARLIAMENT Hill Fields. Newly dec., single bed-sit. rooms, cooking facs, good transport, suit quiet tenants, from £2 10s. per week. GUL. 6904.

COMFORTABLE furn. flatlet, newly dec., lge sunny sittingrm, 2 divans, kit.-din. rm, bthrm, etc. Quiet hse, close bus stop. Indian, Japanese, Chinese visitors welcome. GLA. 5035 before 11 a.m. or after 6 p.m.

SWISS Cottage. Lge b/s. for one. Kit., b., piano. Private hse. PRI. 5947 morns.

HIGHGATE. 2 pleasant top-floor bed-sitting rooms in sunny house. Share extra room as kitchen. Suit ladies. MOU. 1406.

FURN. dble b/sit., kit., bthrm, new conversn. 5 gns. 170 North End Rd, W14. FUL. 3292 bef. 6 p.m./SPE. 1745 aft. 7 p.m.

NW5. Newly converted furn. 3-room flat, suit 2. All facs. 5 gns. Box 11441.

FURN. flatlet, own entrance & w.c. Share bath. Linen, etc., provided. 2 friends (f), £2 each. GUL. 6288.

PUTNEY Hill. Large furn. bed-sit., quiet house. New dec., bay win., h. & c., gas ring. 8 mins buses, tube. £3 including electric light & bath. PUT. 3030.

HAMPSTEAD Gard. Sub. Attractive cen.-htd room with good b'fast and dinner en famille for young prof. woman or stud., absent most weekends. 4 gns. Box 11408.

ATTRACTIVE furnished rooms. Hanover Gate, Regent's Park. AMB. 3320.

HIGHGATE Woods. Furnished flat, redecorated, colourful. Double bedroom, sit-room, kit., use bath. 5 gns. Box 11410.

YOUNG man (25) offers share flat. Regent's Park. 3 gns. PRI. 5121.

FURN. semi-basement flatlet, pleasant part Swiss Cottage; own entrance. Kitchen, telephone, share bath. Suit 1/2. 4-4½ gns. incl. Refs. Full dets. Box 11418.

LARGE, elegantly furn. b/s. in 1st flr flat. Full use kit., bathrm, all facs incl linen. Lady or gent. in business. 90s. p.w. Opp. bus & tube. HAM. 2789 aft. 6.30 p.m.

SELF-Contained furnished flat for two, Highbury. CAN. 1352/7569. £5 5s.

ATTR. room in mod. flat off Maida Vale. All cons. Breakfast optional. CUN. 5542.

BED-sitter, own cooker & sink unit, linen, etc., provided. 2½ gns. GUL. 6288.

W6. Lge b/s. for woman in priv. house. Use kit., bath, gdn 50s. p.w. RIV. 8176.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

TO let to professional woman, small flat, 2 rooms, kitchenette, use of bathroom. 'Phone PRI. 1896 evgs.

LGE div/sit. rm. Elec. cooker, deep sink, use 'phone, 2 gns. VAN. 6728.

HIGHGATE Hill. 3-roomed furnished flat, suit married couple, 4 gns. Box 11437.

LODGER wanted. Prefer useful male 28, grad. £950 p.a. but will compromise. Offer good food, room, W. Acton. 22 mins. Bond St if lucky. £5 p.w. ACO. 1296 evenings.

N6. Div-rm, h. & c., warm house, conv. tube/buses. Share all convs. MOU. 5016.

CLOSE Highgate, whole house to let. £23 p.m. Contents at value, £125. Fitted for sub-letting. FIT. 1035.

LARGE attract. b/s. in private house N. London. H. & c., cooker, etc. Lady pref. 50s. p.w. TUD. 5377 or Box 11339.

NW3. Lge comf. b/sit. for gentleman, 55s., incl. ckg facs. GUL. 4798.

AVAIL. mid-November. Couple offer girl own bedrm, use sitting-rm, kit., bath, in large, completely self-contd flat with wonderful view. 4 gns p.w. inc. gas, elect. No restrictions. Tel.: PRI. 2353.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

COMFORTABLE, superior furn. accom. Finchley N3. Dining/sit.-rm, dble bedrm (2 beds), attrac. kit'nette. All equip. provided. Use bthrm, 'phone. Pleas. dist., good transport. 90s. wkly, suit 2 business ladies. Write Owner, 20 Cyprus Rd, N3. FIN. 1676.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

PROFESSIONAL man (40) wishes to share his pleasant house by the sea (Saltdean, Brighton). Box 11366.

BROADSTAIRS. To let furnished, October-May. 10-roomed house, c.h.w., quiet but central, 3 mins from sea, shops, buses. Rent £4 4s. weekly. Box 11395.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

TWO Sadlers Wells Opera girls (with piano) need part-furn./furn. flat in civilised area. Phone daytime TER. 7214, evngs SLO. 8798.

FOUR-roomed flat wanted by Hampstead Bookseller, smaller flat would be available. Box 11381.

GENUINELY s/c. bachelor flat with kit. & bthrm. wanted Lond. Box 11396.

A CONGENIAL s/contained furnished flat wanted by adult student, wife & baby, London area, for 10 months. Peter Carr, 22 Beech Crescent, Mexborough, Yorks.

JOURNALIST and teacher wife seek unf. or furn. s/c flat near EC4 or on all-night route. Box 11433.

YOUNG Nigerian student, wife and child, urgently need furnished or unfurnished accommodation – please help. Box 11310.

PROF. girl (24), studying evenings sks accom. with reduced rent for sitting-in or occ. secretl. help, early Oct. Hamp./cent. pref. Refs. Miss Rees, ENF. 0535. Box 11460.

YOUNG couple desperately req. flat, minimum 2 rooms, 1 child at nursery, another expected Oct. Nr Pond St if possible. Excel. refs. Webb, 14 Strathray Gdns, NW3.

PROPERTY TO LET

WINTER on Sussex Coast: compact, easily-run house, facing sea; 6 bedrooms (sleep 8), garage, tel., etc. Nov.-March. Box 11364.

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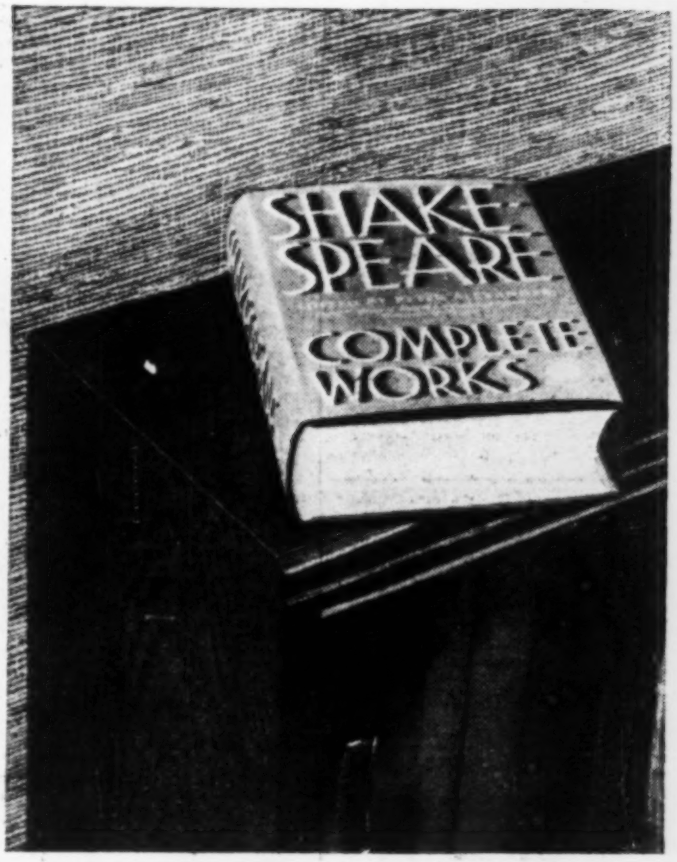

The Taming of the Shrew

The First Folio doesn't specifically mention what sent Dear Kate down the shrewish path, so to speak, but no doubt the fault lay in her father. A modern psychiatrist would have quickly discovered that she spent her formative years falling over books that her parent had carelessly strewn about. Books, like women, are best when housed in elegance. Keep your wife unshrewish, and indulgent about your reading habits. Put your books in a sturdy Minty bookcase that can *grow* with your library. Your wife will like your Minty bookcase; she'll approve of its traditional yet always contemporary lines; she'll admire its heavy, sliding glass doors that protect your books from dust and herself from dust-fever. Her desire to play Hamlet with your library will dissolve into sweet reasonableness—and that by St. George & Merrie England, is as you like it.

You can begin your Shrew Taming with a Minty expanding bookcase costing as little as £10.1.0.—and on deferred terms, if you wish.

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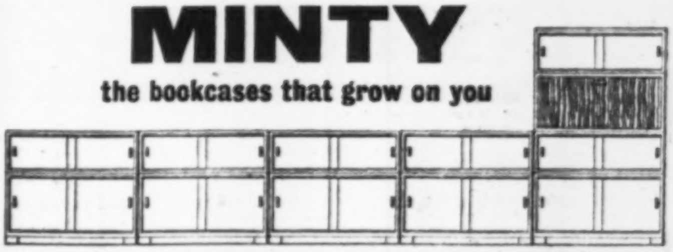

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LIVERPOOL
ASSISTANT TRAINING AND FIELD SECRETARY

Liverpool Boys' Association and Liverpool Union of Girls' and Mixed Clubs Joint Training Scheme – Applications are invited from experienced youth workers, male or female, to assist with the Recruitment and Training of adult voluntary leaders nad helpers for Bays' and Mixed Clubs, commencing salary £600 per annum. Superannuation Scheme. The successful applicant will be required to commence duties on 1 January 1960 or earlier if possible.

Applications, setting out details of experience, accompanied by two recent references and the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent within fourteen days to:—The General Secretary, Youth Service Training Centre, 88, Sheil Road, Liverpool, 6.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM
DEPARTMENT OF EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES

Applications are invited for the appointment of **RESIDENT TUTOR IN KESTEVEN**, Lincolnshire. Candidates should have a good Honours Degree in History or Economic History, and an interest in the development of Local History as an academic study. Salary scale in the Assistant Lecturer grade £700 × £50 to £850, according to qualifications and experience, with membership of the Universities Superannuation Scheme and children's allowances. Conditions of appointment and form of application, which should be returned as soon as possible, from Registrar, University, Nottingham.

PSYCHOLOGISTS
required

The Department of Reform Institutions of Ontario requires several Clinical Psychologists to work in its Juvenile Training Schools, Clinics and Institutions in Ontario, Canada.

Education:
MA or Ph.D in Psychology.

Experience:
Experience in the Correctional Field, Mental health work, or in educational psychology is desirable (Applicants must be prepared to work in any of the Department's Institutions in Ontario.

Salary:
MA – from $4,800.00.
Ph.D – from $5,500.00.

Apply to:
Col. G. H. Basher, OBE, ED,
c/o Ontario House,
13 Charles II St,
London, SW1, England.

Interviews will be held at the above address in mid-October.

SOCIAL WORKERS
Male and Female

Are required by the Ontario Department of Reform Institutions to work with juveniles or adults in reformatories throughout the Province.

Civil Service benefits include: cumulative sick leave; annual paid holiday; five-day week; superann.; annual increments; excellent prospects for advancement.

Qualifications:
A Bachelor of Arts or equivalent degree, plus a Diploma of Social Science, with at least a year's experience beyond the internship level.

Salary Range:
Beginning from $3,750 to $4,400, depending on training and experience.
Preferably under 40 years of age.

Apply to:
Col. G. H. Basher, OBE, ED,
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STELLA FISHER BUREAU, 436 Strand, Charing Cross, WC2. TEM. 6644. Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of the Employment Agents' Federation.

WOMEN aged 25-45 needed for intermittent market research interviewing of a particularly interesting nature. Experience is not necessary as training is given, but applicants must have achieved a good educational standard. Box 11394.

UNIVERSITY of Tasmania. Lectureship in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary scales for Lecturers are Grade II – £A1,450 – 60 – £A1,630, and Grade I – £A1,630 – 60 – £A2,050. Appointment will be offered within either of these grades according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 November, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above position. The appointee will be required to lecture on methods of teaching History and on any other aspect of educational theory in which he is particularly interested. Honours degree in History and secondary school teaching experience essential. The successful applicant will have an opportunity of carrying out research under Professor F. J. Schonell. Salary range £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 14 November, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Lectureship in Modern Languages. Applications are invited for a newly-established post of Lecturer in Modern Languages. Applicants should have an Honours degree from a British University in German and at least one other modern European language, or an equivalent qualification from a non-British Institution. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,575 x £50—£2,175 for a man or £1,200 x £40—£1,680 for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applics close, in Hong Kong and London, on 31 December 1959.

LONDON County Council. Applications are invited from qualified teachers for appointment to the following posts, available immediately. Applications should be made in each case to the Headmaster at the School. North Paddington School, Amberley Rd, W9. (1,000 boys and girls, 11-18 plus; courses to GCE, all levels). Experienced Master/Mistress required to take charge of the Science Department and to teach Chemistry (£420 allowance). Six laboratories, three of which are new. Shoreditch School, Falkirk St, N1. (New large Secondary school for 1,500 boys and girls, 11-18 plus; variety of courses, including GCE to all levels, Needletrades, Commerce, Art and Craft, Furniture, Engineering, Motor Mechanics). Experienced Master/Mistress to take charge of the Chemistry Department (£210 graded post). (2138.)

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Senior Child Care Officer, salary scale £880-£1,065 (APTD. III), and as Child Care Officer, salary scale £765-£880 (APTD. II): the senior appointment will probably be in the Tilbury area. Candidates should have the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the Child Care field. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than 19 October 1959, to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220-224 London Road, Chelmsford, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

INTENSIVE Caseworkers. London County Council requires number of caseworkers (Child Welfare Officers) to do intensive family casework with selected London families in difficulties, needing skilled support and sympathetic guidance to help them solve their own problems. Aims are (1) To prevent break-up of these families and reception of their children into care and (2) To help them rehabilitate themselves so that children who are already in care can return home. Small case-loads: arduous but rewarding work. Wide experience of family casework and social work with adults, and of co-operation with voluntary or statutory bodies necessary; appropriate professional qualifications desirable. Salary within range £665 to £965, according to qualifications and experience. Further details and application form (returnable by 31 October 1959) from Children's Officer (CH/E.1/2072), County Hall, London, SE1.

SOCIAL Worker required by expanding Old People's Welfare Association in South London. Wide variety of welfare services undertaken, need for personal casework increasing. Part-time clerical assistance. Salary according to qualifications. Apply to Miss Hargreaves, 380 New Cross Road, SE14.

HOUSEMOTHER or married couple as housefather and housemother, required to take charge of mixed home for 15 children at Buckhurst Hill. Applicants should have previous experience or training in residential work with children. National scale of salaries paid. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Applications are invited from trained or experienced Social Workers (men or women) for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in the Education Officer's Department. The successful candidates will have to train and advise voluntary Care Committee workers in a wide range of preventive case-work for school children and their families, which will include enabling parents to use all the social services available and assisting them in problems arising from primary poverty and difficult family relationships. Organisers are expected to direct, co-ordinate and participate to a varying degree in Case-work. Salary £625-£830. Commencing rate according to experience and qualifications. Exceptionally, part-time engagements may be considered. Application forms with details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/E), County Hall London, SE1. Returnable by 16 October, 1959. (2079)

CHIEF Statistician required by the Federal Government of Nigeria to organise the collection, collation and presentation of social, economic and financial statistics for Nigeria as a whole. Essential qualifications are a University Honours degree in one of the following: Mathematics including Statistics, or Economics with Statistics as a special subject, or Mathematics or Economics without Statistics plus a Diploma or Certificate in Statistics; at least ten years experience in a Government or other Statistical organisation and proved administrative and organising ability. Candidate must be between 40 and 50 years of age. Appointment on contract for one tour of 12-15 months in the first instance with prospects of extension. Salary £2,640 per annum (including Contract Addition). Gratuity of £150 per annum. Free passages for Officer and wife. Assistance towards children's passages or grant while separated. Quarters at low rent. Income Tax at low rate. Write for application form and further partics. to Appointments Secretary, Federal Public Service Commission, 9 Northumberland Av., Ldn, WC2, quoting W.1/6.

SENIOR Scientific Officers (a): Scientific Officers (b). Pensionable posts for men or women in all major scientific fields, including physics, chemistry, mineralogy, biology, forensic science, meteorology and mathematics. Age limits: (a) at least 26 and under 31, (b) at least 21 and under 28. Extension for regular Forces Service and Overseas Civil Service. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g., post-graduate) experience. London salaries (men): (a) £1,233-£1,460, (b) £655-£1,150; provision for starting pay above min. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting (a) S53/59, (b) S52/59.

ASSISTANT Director of Examinations (Modern Languages): Pensionable post in the Civil Service Commission, London, for man or woman with good (preferably first class) honours degree in modern languages. Preference for German, Russian, Spanish or Arabic; additional qualifications in Chinese or Japanese useful. Qualifications in French only insufficient. University, school, or other teaching experience desirable; experience of public examining, interviewing, or administration an advantage. Duties include discussion and preparation of examination papers from GCE to Final Honours level; administrative work in connection with competitions; interviewing; talks to schools. Selection by interview in late October. Starting salary according to experience and present salary on scale £1,110-£1,935. Teaching service may be aggregated with Civil Service for superannuation purposes. FSSU may count as qualifying service. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to administrative work. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5039/59. Closing date 13 October 1959.

SOCIAL Worker required at Belmont Hospital, Sutton, which is within easy reach of central London. Belmont Hospital is a progressive neurosis hospital and the duties of the social worker will be connected with in-patients and out-patients. Whitley Council salary and conditions (London weighting payable). Applications, giving full details as to age, experience, etc., together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary, St Ebba's and Belmont Group Hospital Management Committee, Group Office, Belmont Hospital, Brighton Road, Sutton, Surrey.

KINGSTON upon Hull Education Committee. Kingston upon Hull Training College. Principal: Dr Cyril Bibby. Applications are invited, from men and women equally, for the post of Lecturer in Divinity, to take up duty in January, 1960. Candidates should have good academic qualifications in the subject and experience in teaching it in schools. The College is undergoing considerable expansion and there will be opportunity for the person appointed to make a real contribution to the teaching of the subject and to pursue further study or research in it. Salary: Pelham Scale for Lecturers (£980 by £32 10s. to £1,370 for men, or corresponding scale for women, with appropriate placing). Further particulars and forms of application, to be returned as soon as possible to the Principal at the College, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Guildhall, Kingston upon Hull.

BBC requires News Assistant, Wales, based in Bangor. Duties include preparation and broadcasting of objective and accurate reports, and collecting and editing news for use in news bulletins and programmes, both in Sound and Television. Thorough knowledge of Wales and Welsh language essential. Proved journalistic experience, including good sub-editorial training, and good microphone voice very desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1315, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

HERTFORDSHIRE Child Guidance Service. Educational Psychologists. Two to three additional full-time psychologists required for expansion of Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service and associated School Psychological Service (Soulbury Grade II Scale). Candidates must possess honours degree in psychology or its equivalent, with appropriate clinical training. Training and experience in teaching desirable. The Service offers an unusually wide and varied experience with children from infancy to late adolescence. Clinic may be visited by appointment and further information can be obtained from the Senior Psychologist. Applications, stating age and giving details of training, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, to the Medical Director, Hill End Clinic, St Albans, Herts, as soon as possible.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Warden of the Maryport Educational Settlement which is a centre for Adult Education. A graduate is preferred with ability to organise classes and social activities. Salary according to age and experience, commencing £400 to £600 per annum, and in addition the use of a furnished flat rent free, including lighting and heating estimated to be equivalent to £125 per annum. Pension scheme is available. Applications, giving full details of education and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be forwarded not later than 17 Oct., 1959 to The Warden, Maryport Educational Settlement, Castle Hill, Maryport, Cumberland.

READING Education Committee. Child Guidance Hostel, 2 St Peter's Hill, Caversham. Resident Woman Assistant required. The hostel accommodates 12 children (girls and boys) who attend local schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary scale: £390-£480 per annum, less £120 per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Forms and particulars may be obtained from Dr Ella Ward, Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading. Completed applications must be returned to Dr Ward within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. (Signed) P. S. Taylor, Chief Educ. Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading.

THE Mount School, York. The post of Headmistress becomes vacant at the beginning of the Autumn Term 1960. Applicants should be members of the Society of Friends or in close sympathy or association with its work. Further particulars can be obtained from the address below. Applications, along with three recent testimonials and the names of three referees, should be sent before 31 October, to The Chairman of the Governors, c/o Ford and Warren, 61 Albion Street, Leeds 1.

A VOLUNTARY organisation Baker Street area requires female chief clerical assistant for busy section. Must be efficient typist with fair shorthand. Work mainly correspondence and records and requires an understanding approach to organisations relations with voluntary helpers. Salary £572 p.a. Pension Scheme. Write fully Box 11346. Also Secretary Shorthand/typist. Salary £534 p.a.

THE Roadmender Boys' and Girls' Club, Northampton, a twin club with excellent premises, wishes to appoint a Warden/Boys' Club Leader and a Girls' Club Leader. Experience shows that these posts should be occupied by a married couple. The appointment carries with it a good modern flat of four rooms plus a kitchen and a bathroom, and a Superannuation Scheme is available. Salaries will be paid in accordance with qualifications, age and experience, but the Selection Committee would be helped if applicants would indicate the salary they require. Applications should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Eric Beeston, No. 1a Langham Place, Northampton, to arrive not later than 14 October 1959.

STUDENT Training and Examination Secretary (woman) required by Institute of Personnel Management to advise on training, co-operate with educational bodies and administer the Institute's examination. Training in personnel management (preferably one-year course) required and some experience desirable. Minimum starting salary £600. Applications should be sent to the Secretary, Institute of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

WARDEN for Lollard Adventure Playground, Lambeth, wanted December. Opportunity take leading part in valuable sociological experiment. Keen interest in youth and experience in working age groups 6-19 required. £725 p.a. Pension Scheme. Write LAPA, 38 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMMONWEALTH Mycological Institute, Kew, Surrey. Applications invited for post of Abstractor. Requirements are a sound knowledge of Russian & ability to abstract in other Slavonic languages. Czechoslovakian & other languages an added recommendation. Training in botany an advantage. Salary £610 to £1,233 according to age & exper. Apply, in writing, before 12 Oct. to Director.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd initially at Red House School for Maladjusted Pupils, Tadworth, Surrey, for 2 three-hour sessions p. wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recog. training and/or equiv. exper. in Child Psychology. Fee (under review) £2 10s. p. session. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt George St, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 23 Oct. Prescribed conditions. (Quote B.225 NS&N.)

THE Middlemore Homes, an independent voluntary organisation, has a vacancy for a woman interested in social work to work with families living in flats at an experimental family rehabilitation centre in Birmingham. Full details of this interesting post, which offers valuable experience in family casework, may be obtained on application to Secretary, Middlemore Homes, Crowley House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

WANTED urgently, Women Workers or Married Couple to take charge of Diocesan Hostel for emotionally disturbed adolescent girls, ages 11 to 18; average 10 girls to 3 staff, domestic help. Training or experience with girls essential. Apply Organising Secretary, Birmingham Diocesan Moral Welfare Council, 65 Queens College Chambers, Paradise Street, Birmingham 1.

GIRL required, secondhand bookshop near London. £9 p.w. Typing an advantage. Box 11457.

A LARGE progressive Group of Companies needs a graduate to undertake research development work. The technical side of the Group is expanding rapidly, and promotion prospects are excellent. A degree in Science, Maths or Engineering; an ability to work with production staff, & some management potential will be looked for. A very thorough training given to the right man. Box 11446.

THE Tavistock Clinic, 2-6 Beaumont Street, W1. Shorthand/typists required. Interesting post. Salary up to £630 p.a. according to age and experience. Apply to Administrative Officer (WEL. 5415).

RESEARCH Assistant required in Department of Psychology, Institute of Psychiatry, for a special project; the appointment will be for one year in the first instance. Applicants should have an Honours degree in Psychology, and a special interest in electro-physiological methods of investigation. Research experience would be an advantage but is not considered essential. Salary dependent upon qualifications and experience. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from the Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, The Maudsley Hospital, London, SE5. (Ref. FORD.)

CANADIAN lawyer reqs yng Barrister or Solicitor as assistant with view to partnership. Excel. prospects. Box 11113.

STENOGRAPHER-Typist wanted in office of patron of music and philanthropist. Box 11442.

EDITORIAL Secretary for weekly educational journal. Good shorthand and typing, commonsense, initiative. Duties mainly secretarial, but there will also be opportunities to learn proof reading, occasional subbing, etc. Graduate preferred, but not essential. Office hours 9.30 to 5.15, and alternate Sat. mornings. Salary £600 p.a.; contributory pension scheme. Write fully Box 11423.

SEC. S/t. 20/25 for Appeals Organiser. Social functions, some travelling. Sal. £10. Portman Bureau 78 George St W1 HUN 0676.

MANAGING Editor of national daily newspaper requires first-class Secretary of initiative and pleasant personality. Very interesting work. Good shorthand-typing speeds essential. Aged 21-35. Hours 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Sunday to Thursday. Write Box 11419.

DIRECTOR (male or female) reqd. to develop & control new Typing/Duplicating Dept of well-known London Employment Agency. Typing essential. Excellent salary & exceptional prospects. Solicitor's Agreement. Investment £500-£1,000. Details, please, of age, exp. & present salary to Box 11427.

LEADING British magazine on atomic energy requires an additional assistant editor. Must have some qualifications in engineering or science. Journalistic or writing experience would be useful, but this could be a first-class opportunity for a man wanting to get into technical journalism. Age over 25. Apply in writing, Editor, Nuclear Power, 3 Percy St, London, W1.

ENGLISH-German secretary typist required for educational Settlement in Berks. Possibly residential. Box 11263.

COMPANION/housekeeper, car driver, reqd for one lady. Own sit.-room with television. Help for rough work. Refs. Mrs E. Joseph, 1 Llanedyrne Road, Cardiff.

SYBIL Topham of Duttons (Agy) would like to interview competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and copy-typists for a nice selection of interesting jobs. 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. Tel. MUS 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PART-time tutors required in English for Continental pupils in Denmark Hill, SE5. 15 hrs a week, mornings only £4 4s. a wk. salary. Phone BRI. 3143, 7-8 evgs.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ART Teacher, univ. ed., drawing and painting for children and adults, tuition in art history and art appreciation. Exp. advice on interior dec. London area. Box 11173.

TOP-Flight translator (incl. Techn.) & research wkr, proved org. and PR abil., impec. French, Germ. & Ital. Lady grad. (lang., econom., internat. affairs), ex-Embassy, pres. sal. £900 pt-time sks change. Box 11327.

FREELANCE journalist, 41, intelligent, completely reliable, healthy, no ties, knowledge foreign exchange, etc., seeks post involving travel or residence abroad. Distance, conditions of travel, etc., immaterial. Box 11329.

YOUNG man, receptionist Spanish hotel on Ibiza, four languages, seeks post as representative for Travel agency. Will visit England December. Box 11365.

GENTLEMAN, intelligent, adaptable, seeks part-time work. Wage not important but must be interesting work. Box 11407.

EXPERIENCED secretary, 28, seeks post in recognised boys' or co-ed school. Now or January, 1960. Box 11331.

PSYCHOLOGIST (f.) from univ. Vienna, sks pt-time job as FSW or social wkr. Also intstd in Borstal & prison wk. Box 11316.

UNPAID assistance offered worthwhile research/development. Evening/weekend, London. Box 11411.

PERSONAL

WOULD Humanitarian help Artist? Slight paresis, find reasonable right-hand drive car. Career interrupted, must continue work. Stranded. Box 11399.

WOMAN'S bike, s/hand very cheap, urgently reqd. Phone NOR. 3736 evgs.

DR'S house; bed-sit. with breakfast at absurdly low rent, in exchange coaching boy 14, particularly Maths. Box 11386.

KRISHNAMURTI. If interested joining discn group London, write Box 11279.

FAMILY like receive paying guest. Full board; or bed & breakfast with meals by arrangement if reqd. Finchley. Box 11315.

PIANO improvisation; lessons required by musical person (not beginner). Must be competent. Write Box 11384.

FRENCH Tuition wanted, in exchange for English or German lessons. Box 11189.

FREE furnished accommodation in Doctor's household in return for help with children and cooking from 4-8 p.m. daily. Suitable married couple, part-time student or teacher. Box 11373.

BUSY TV-writer (f.) seeks trainee-assistant. Good typist essential, driver welcome. Box 11247.

HOTEL proprietor in remote Orkney Island offers free wildfowling holiday to brace of architects with view to future business. Box 11254.

PERSIAN boys aged 16 require tuition in maths in Denmark Hill, London, SE5 area. Tel.: BRIxton 3143 or write Box 11352.

PARIS – Paying Guest holidays for young people in excellent families personally visited by Junior Tourism, 47 Redington Road, London, NW3. HAMpstead 0869.

RUSSIAN lessons given by ex Leningrad graduate. E.R., 31 Mowbray Rd., NW6.

PERSONAL—continued

GIRL to help/live in artist's family. Flat only. £3 p.w. Tel. MOU. 2110.

REASONABLY educated woman, mid-thirties, seeks interesting voluntary social work 1-2 days per week. Box 11424.

LINO-Cuts for Xmas: 23-26 Oct. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Everyday Problems in School'. Checkendon 221.

YNG husbandless mother offers share home/responsibil. with sim. Box 11436.

VEGETARIAN lady offers pleasant room and conveniences to another, in exchange for help in preparation of food. Food expenses shared. Near Hounslow. Box 11426.

ZEN'S amazing success! Gratifying conversion of natural superior enables Zen master to accept few more disciples. Terence Wheeler, 34 East 58th St, New York 22, NY.

DOCUMENTARY and Industrial film unit offers realistic commission for work introduced. Box 11389.

PAUL & Marjorie Abbatt Toyshop. The right toys at the right age mean busy, happy children. Catalogue free for postal shopping: Dept NS, 94 Wimpole St, W1.

SERBO-Croat lessons required in London (Central or Northern area.) Box 11309.

GREEK Linguaphone records wanted. Complete set & bks essen. Box 11447.

LEARN German the modern way. Learn it at Ashley College. GER. 8782.

CONSTRUCTIVE advice on MSS offered by editor of leading publishing house experienced in creative editing and rewriting. No theses or dramatic scripts. Box 10865.

SKI-ING Austria. I want to make party for cheap fares (after Xmas). ISL. 6475.

WANTED, intelligent woman by country cottage & owner (f.) as weekend guest. Nr Town. All amenities. Box 11286.

NO, dear, not Lin-Tang. Panting for photographs. 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8. 'Phone MAI. 3200.

ANTIBES, modern flat English artist's house Old Town, to let mid-Oct.-April. Reasonable rent. Box 11371.

GUITAR lessons by qual. teacher. Blanche Munro, AGSM professor, London Coll. of Music and NW11 studio. SPE. 7740.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655, for details.

SPEECHES, books, house mags. Journalist writes confid., promptly. Box 10251.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs. help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

PERSONAL—continued

A NEW beginning in politics, a new policy. Box 11259, s.a.e.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply Dept. 162, TV Writing School, 14 Sackville St, W1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KEN. 8042.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet and Price List free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Box 46, 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversation & tuition.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham, Chr. Anthony Marlowe, MP.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e. to Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

50 to 1,500 books from MS at low cost by print-like IBM typing: all binding styles. Broadacre Books, Morley St, Bradford 7.

SCIENCE, Art, and human understanding combine to bring happier living at the Progressive League (N.1), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

IF you like writing – you can learn to sell what you write through ICS Home Study. Apply for Free book to International Correspondence Schools, Intertext House, Parkgate Road (Dept. 55.2C), London, SW11.

THE Hobby of a Lifetime! Painting in Oils and Watercolours is a wonderful way to relax – gives you years of added enjoyment. Free Winsor and Newton set when you start! Apply for Free Book on ICS Home Study Course, International Correspondence Schools, Intertext House, Parkgate Road (Dept P.2C), London, SW11.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

DID you know? A portable typewriter of world-famous make – Olympia, Olivetti or Imperial – can be yours for 25s. down. Balance over 18 months. Write or 'phone: Universal Supplies Co., 16 College Crescent, NW3. PRImrose 4666. Typewriter repairs; free estimate, collection and delivery.

INTELLIGENCE alone qualifies for membership of Mensa. Send 9in. × 4in. s.a.e. for details of IQ test. Many pass who least expect it. MSAS, 'Sandringham', Briscoe Rd, Rainham, Essex.

SELL your Writing. Stories and articles wanted for immediate submission to Editors on a 10% basis. Unsuitable work returned with free criticism and free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. Stamped addressed envelope essential. Literary Agency, Dept N2, BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

FOREIGN Languages on Records, Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No dep. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone, NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS. 7223.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, programmes, etc. Illustrations or original text reproduced. Susan Tully. 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAYfair 6093.

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

WRITE for profit in spare time – wherever you live. Hundreds of RI students have earned while learning. Send for interesting free booklet – without obligation. The Regent Institute (Dept G/191), Palace Gate, Lon, W8

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Restaurant, White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

FOUND – a more relaxed attitude to life with wonderful El Cid Sherry. It's the perfect Amontillado that pleases everyone's palate. Why don't you try it?

£250 for strip cartoons

The NEW STATESMAN Cartoon Competition offers £250 in prizes (including an under-21 prize of £50) for original strip cartoons.

For details see the NEW STATESMAN issue dated 19 September, 1959, or write to 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, for leaflets or showcards.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN, WC2
Box Office: Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Two cycles of
Der Ring des Nibelungen
A few seats still available for 5 Oct.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Season opens 28 Oct. Rep. incl.: Un Ballo in Maschera, Boris Godunov, Der Rosenkavalier. Programme available. Booking now open.

THE ROYAL BALLET
Season opens 19 Oct. with world première of John Cranko's 'Antigone'. Programme available. Booking now open.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
OPERA SEASON
Evenings at 7.30

13, 15, 21 & 23 Oct.	Andrea Chenier
14, 17 & 22 Oct.	Don Giovanni
16 & 24 Oct.	The Flying Dutchman
20 Oct.	Madam Butterfly

OPERA Circle. 18 Oct. 1959 at 8 p.m., 4 St James's Sq., SW1. 'Andrea Chenier' by Giordano. Lecturer: Anthony Besch. Tom Hammond, piano. Members Sadler's Wells production. Details: Hon. Sec. Mrs Rosenfeld, 69 Kensington Court, W8.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8 (ex. Mn) St, Sn. 5, 8, Marriage of Mr Mississippi. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Sean O'Casey's 'Cock-A-Doodle Dandy'. 'Most stimulating theatrical evening'—Daily Mail.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. A Rocket for the Governor. Comedy. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

MAURICE Eisenberg with The Capriol Orchestra. Conductor: Roy Budden. Works by Mozart, Handel, Bach, Boccherini, Vaughan Williams. St. Bartholomew-the-Great, EC1. Thursday, 8 October, at 7.30. Programmes for reserved seats 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., unreserved 5s. from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett Ltd. (WEL. 8418) or at Church on night.

CELEBRATION Concert. 10th Anniversary People's Republic of China, Sunday 4 October at 7.30. Chinese musicians & singers, Paul Robeson, Miles Malleson. Princes Theatre, WC2. Tickets at Theatre, 5s. to 15s. Arr. Britain-China F'ship Assocn.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Russian Film Season Until 4 Oct.: 'The Cranes Are Flying' (U). 'Two Men and A Wardrobe' (A). From 5 Oct.: 'Quiet Flows the Don' (A).

ROXY BAYswater 2345. Week commencing 4 Oct., 7 days. 'Prison de Femmes' (X). 'Juvenile Passion' (X).

LYFC Festival Reunion Dance, 3 Oct. 7.30. Holborn Assembly Hall. Bar.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Today, Sat. 3 Oct., 8-11. Members 3s., their guests 5s. At Home with Dancing. Wed. 7 Oct., 8.30-11. Members free, their guests 1s.

EXHIBITIONS

FREE PAINTERS' GROUP—7TH
ANNUAL EXHIBITION
Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St, W1
Woodstock Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1
will be opened by Mr STEPHEN SPENDER, 6.30 Walker's Galleries, 5 October, followed by Private View at Woodstock Gallery, 7-9 p.m. 5-24 October.

SWITCH to Leisure Exhibition Labour-saving appliances, kitchens. Demonstrations daily. Until 24 October. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W1. Museum 1666.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. Julian Trevelyan – The Malta Suite. 7 Cork St, W1. 10-1, Sats 10-6. REG. 3660.

WADDINGTON Galleries Larry Bigelow Exhibn. 10-6 Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

NUDES of Jean Straker—Photography 12-9, 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

NEW Towns Exhibition. Royal Academy Galleries, Piccadilly, W1. Open daily 3-17 October. Weekdays 10-5 p.m., Suns. 2-6 p.m. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) Paul Millichip—new pntgs.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Paintings – John Bratby. From 22 Sept.

'LIFE in the GDR' – Information Exhibition and Film Show. 10th Anniversary of the German Democratic Republic. 28 Sept.-11 Oct. at Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, WC1. Admission free. 10-8 daily, 2-6 Sundays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W.1. Pottery by M. Cardew Pupils. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henghes – Sculpture. To 17 October. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Emilio Greco; Recent Sculpture. Weekdays 10-5. Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Paintings and Aquatints by Soulages: Recent paintings by Paul Feiler. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes 30 Oct.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Place': A Environment of paintings by Robyn Denny, Ralph Rumney, Richard Smith. Until 24 October. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free. Library: Homage to Marcel Duchamp.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Keith Vaughan – Gouaches. Carl Plate – Pntgs, David Wynne – Sculpture. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. It is Alcopley it is! The New York painter. 7 to 24 October. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DR David Pitt, Labour candidate for Hampstead, will speak on Fri., 2 Oct., St Marys Hall, Abbey Rd, 8.15. Sun., 4 Oct., Whitestone Pond, noon. Monday, 5 Oct., Moreland Hall, Heath St, 8.15. Tuesday, 6 Oct., Kinsgate School, Kilburn, 8.15. Wed., 7 Oct., Beckford & Fleet Schools, 8. Victims of the Rent Act resident in Hampstead 10 Oct. 1958 are urged to return & vote for Pitt against Brooke. Phone Labour Committee Room, MAI. 7497, for all partics.

WILLIAM Temple Association – 8 Oct. Bishop Wand on 'Athanasius'; 13 Oct., Ralph Samuel on 'Class and Society'. 8 p.m. Liddon House, 24 South Audley St, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St. W1. 'The 50's': Lawrence Alloway. 'What happened to the Avant-garde?', Thurs. 8 Oct., 8.15. Admission 3s., members 1s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 2 Oct., 8 p.m. Mrs Vera Traill ('Observer' correspondent for Moscow Film Festival): 'September 1959 in Moscow'. Fri. 9 Oct., 8 p.m. The Hon. Richard Hare: 'European Capital of Russia'. (Illus. slides).

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun, 4 October, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'How to [illegible]'.

THE Friday Club meets 7.45 Fridays at 13 Prince [illegible] Wales Terrace, W8, from 9 Oct. Talks with discussion on Literature, The Arts, Current Affairs, etc. For season's programme apply Hon. Sec., M. Kew, 51c, Fulham Pk Gdns, SW6.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc., Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues, 7.15 p.m., 6 Oct. Prof. T. H. Pear, 'Politeness: Its Varieties and Functions'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 11 a.m., 4 Oct. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., 'The Advancement of Science – Whither?' Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

GORDON Pitcairn-Knowles, MBNA, on 'The Schroth Cure'. Nature Cure Clinic Public Meeting. Thurs. 8 Oct, 7 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Adm. free, collection.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture Wed., 7 Oct, 6.30: 'Faith, Hope and Charity'. M. O'C. Walshe. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way.' Inform. TAT. 1313.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N.10; Swami Ghanananda, Sun. 5 p.m. Upanishads.

'MAN, Mortal and Immortal,' Public Lecture Sun. 4 Oct., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'CHRISTIANITY and a New Social Order', Fri. 9 Oct., 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall. Lect. by Swami Avyaktananda. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

IIWC London Branch. Fri., 9 Oct., 8.30, 'Indian Folk Dances', Dr A. Bake. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. Public Lecture. Free.

'AN Artist looks at Art.' New Jewish Society. Simon Marks Room, Bedford House, 108 Baker Street, London, W1. Wednesday, 7 October, at 8 p.m.

'ITALIAN Frescoes in relation to architectural space.' Illustrated lecture by Charles Handley-Read, MA, at Finsbury Central Library (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave), on Mon., 5 Oct., at 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

CHESS. The Metropolitan Chess Club, every Mon. & Thurs. 6.30, St Bride Inst., Bride Lane, EC4. New members welc.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FRENCH FOR BEGINNERS
starting on 5 October at 7 p.m.
CONVERSATIONS en FRANCAIS
chaque soir de 19 à 21h.
OVERSEA LANGUAGES
6 Princes St, Hanover Square, W1
TEL. GRO. 6510
Directeur: A. R. Tardieu
(Officier d'Académie)

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

An Institute Course for serving teachers with at least five years' experience will be held in Newcastle in the academic year beginning September 1960.

One year advanced course in primary education, leading to the INSTITUTE'S DIPLOMA IN THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG CHILDREN. At the end of the year students may apply for admission to a further year of part-time study for the Diploma; this period will be spent in their own schools.

Applications should be received not later than 1 January 1960, by the Secretary for Teachers' Courses, Institute of Education, 19 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, from whom further particulars and application forms may be obtained.

'PERSUASION and Responsibility.' A study course (Press, TV, Public Relations, etc.) arranged by St Anne's Society. Speakers include Lord Luke, 'Abu', George Woodcock, Dr Mark Abrams. First meeting Church House, SW1, Mon., 5 Oct., 6.15 p.m. Non-mems 2s. Enquiries: MAN. 0306.

GERMAN teacher: conversation, language, literature. Phonetics with tape recorder. Highgate or Central London. Box 11425.

GCE Courses in English, Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Part- or full-time. Day or Evening. Reduced fees for long courses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

RUSSIAN, French, German. Expert Tuition by native teachers. Priv. lessons, small classes, conversation groups. French corres. crses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 12 October to 9 December. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833.)

SPANISH private lessons by exper. Sp. grad. Schoolmaster. Sr Ariza. KEN. 5071.

CHINESE, Japanese corres. & evng conv/GCE crses. Li, 13 Park Ave Nth, N8.

GERMAN taught by cert. retired teacher (f.). Phone evgs or mornings BAY. 5916.

CHEMISTRY 'A'; Maths, Physics 'O' Level. Private tuition by M.Sc. J. Belli, 46 Penywern Rd, SW5.

MATHEMATICS & Physics. Unquestionably the very best tuition evenings/week-ends all levels by ex-university lecturers now in tutorial business. Any problem solved from O-level to B.Sc. Hons degree in maths and physics. Fee 1 gn. per hr. Box 11125.

LECTURE, COURSES, etc.—continued

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 12 October. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11,000 volumes. Autumn and winter courses at the Spanish Universities. For full details apply to the Secretary. SLOane 8381.

UNISCHOL Tutorial College, the specialists in Mathematics & Science. Unrivalled tuition by honours graduates in spacious, newly-equipped laboratories for all examinations. Apply Registrar 308 Seven Sisters Road, London, N4. STAmford Hill 1908.

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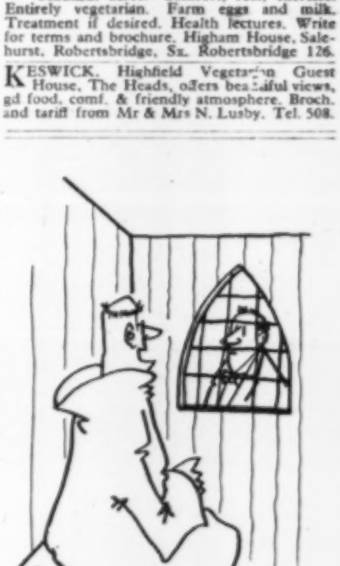

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